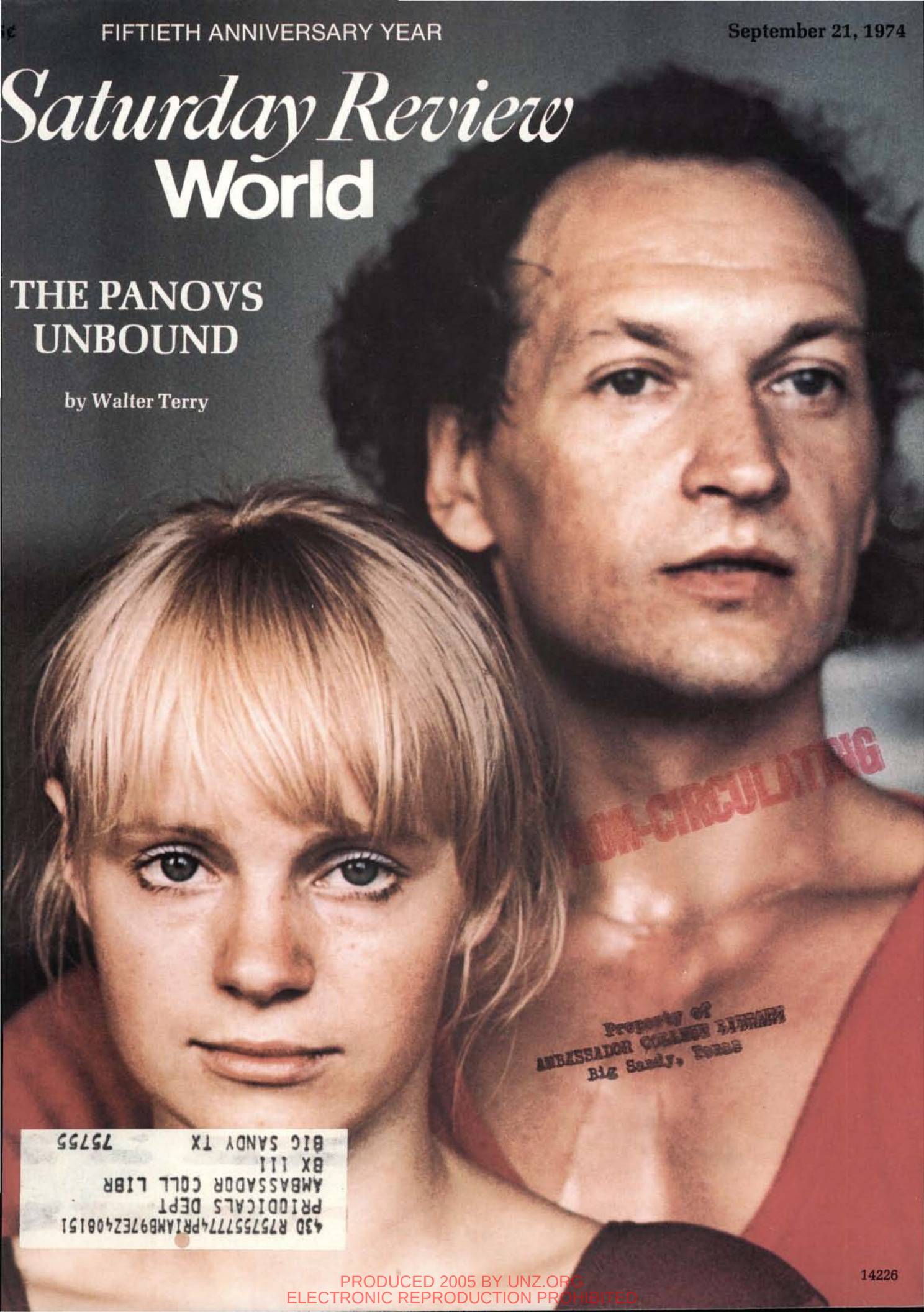
FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY YEAR

September 21, 1974

Saturday Review World

THE PANOVS UNBOUND

by Walter Terry



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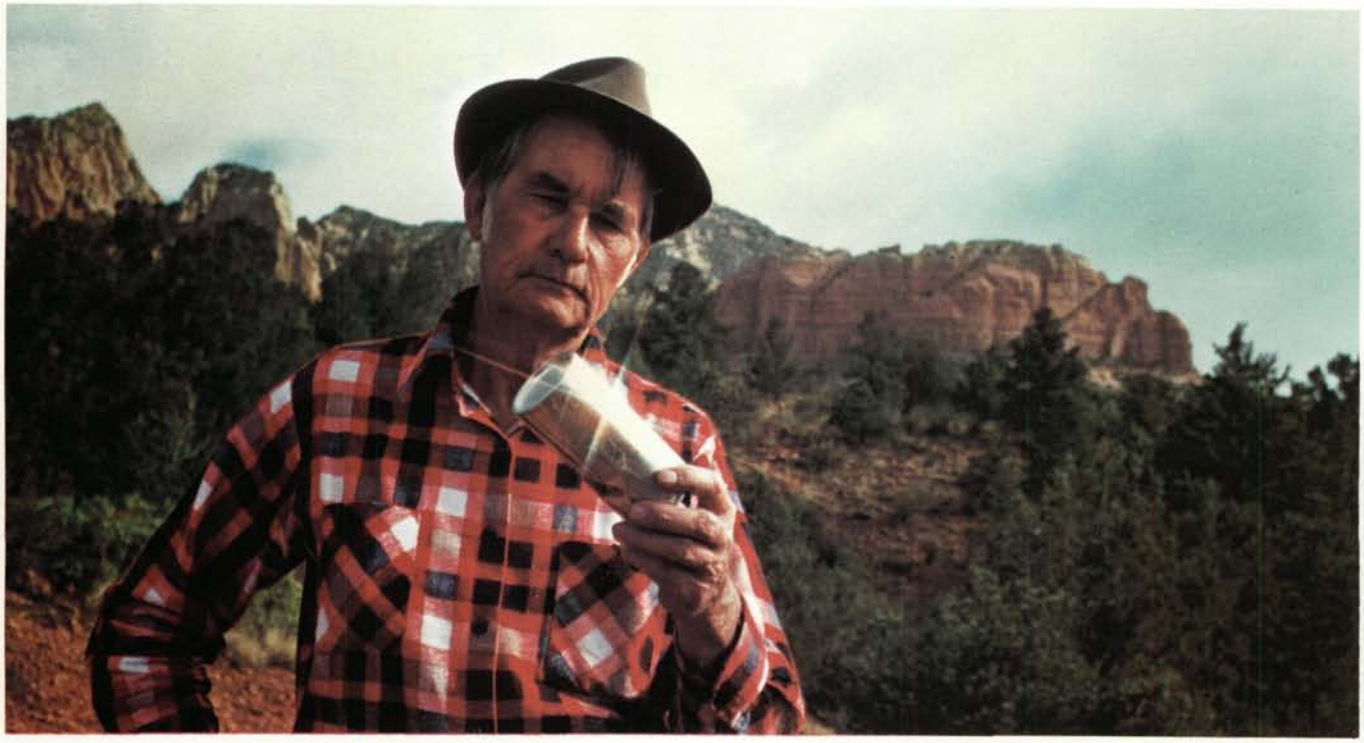
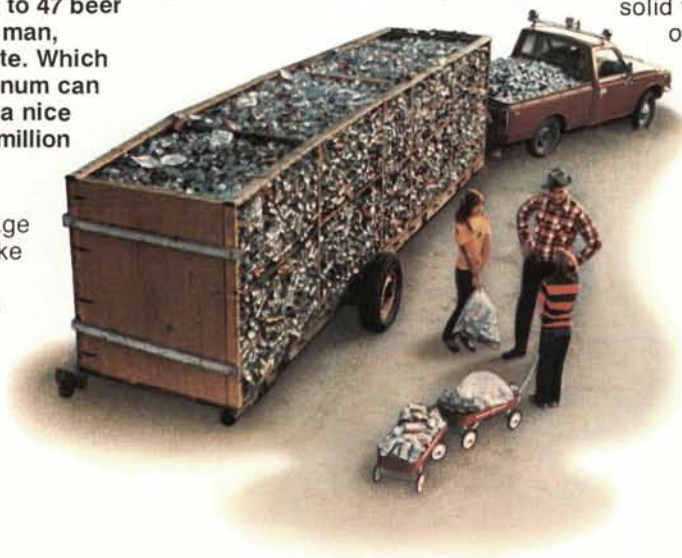


There's a new kind of Arizona prospector, searching for a new kind of gold...aluminum.

The people in Arizona have discovered that if all that glitters isn't gold, what's left can still be pretty valuable. Like aluminum. In 1973, over 94 million cans, or about 36 percent of those used, were collected and recycled in Arizona. That comes out to 47 beer or soft drink cans for every man, woman and child in the state. Which means that Arizona's aluminum can prospectors have received a nice chunk of the estimated 15 million dollars paid to the nation's collectors since 1970.

There's not another beverage packaging material quite like aluminum. It's lightweight, chills quickly, keeps things fresh, opens easily, has high scrap value and can be recycled repeatedly.

The collection and recycling of aluminum cans is working. More than 1.6 billion were collected last year and the number is growing.



Soon, new methods now under development will make possible the collection of even greater numbers. Ultimately, we can expect that improved technology will make it possible to recycle most municipal solid waste, and the high value of aluminum scrap will help make it economically attractive to do so.

For more information on Alcoa's "Yes We Can" recycling program and a list of collection centers, write to us—Aluminum Company of America, 348-J Alcoa Building, Pittsburgh, PA 15219.

The reasons for using aluminum are found in aluminum itself.

ALCOA

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"New families are coming on our lines right along... a dozen or so a month."

Gilbert G. Hilkemeyer, Manager
Three Rivers Electric Cooperative
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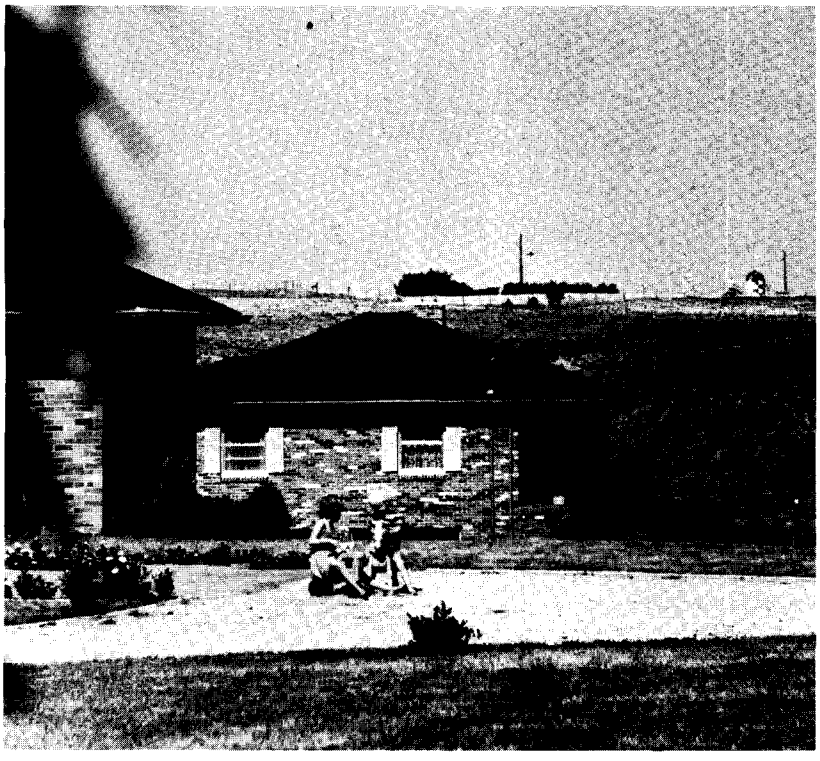

It's happening in rural communities and small towns all across America — rural electric cooperatives helping make country living the possible dream for many.

Last year alone nearly half a million new consumers plugged into our lines. This year, there'll probably be even more.

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We're nonprofit, consumer-owned electric systems. We know how to take on challenges; it's the nature of our business. We're experienced and resourceful, with a people approach to problems — the energy crisis in particular.

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Santa Paula, California, 1893. The drilling expertise Union Oil brought to the geothermal power project goes back to men like these who hand-forged heavy drilling equipment.

Years ago, geothermal power was considered impractical, one step removed from science fiction. Today, it is widely regarded as a proven solution to part of our energy problem.

The change in attitude in our country is in many ways due to Dr. Carel Otte and the oil company he works for, Union Oil Company of California, the operator of The Geysers steam field in Northern California with its partners, Magma Power Company and Thermal Power Company. Dr. Otte has been a true pioneer in the field of harnessing steam trapped deep in the earth, which is sold to Pacific Gas and Electric Company to run the turbines which generate electric power.

The exploration and development techniques which Union Oil employed allowed us to save three or four years in the scheduling of the many geothermal power sites at The Geysers. It demonstrates the willingness and ability of Union Oil to use its own funds and research to help solve critical energy problems.

Union Oil is the worldwide leader in the development of geothermal resources. It is not the first company involved in geothermal power, but Dr. Otte and his associates have helped to develop The Geysers into the world's largest geothermal power facility.

What makes Union Oil different? Perhaps it's our spirit. A pioneering spirit that makes us believe in men like Dr. Otte and the scientific work they do. Science and technology designed to make a better world.

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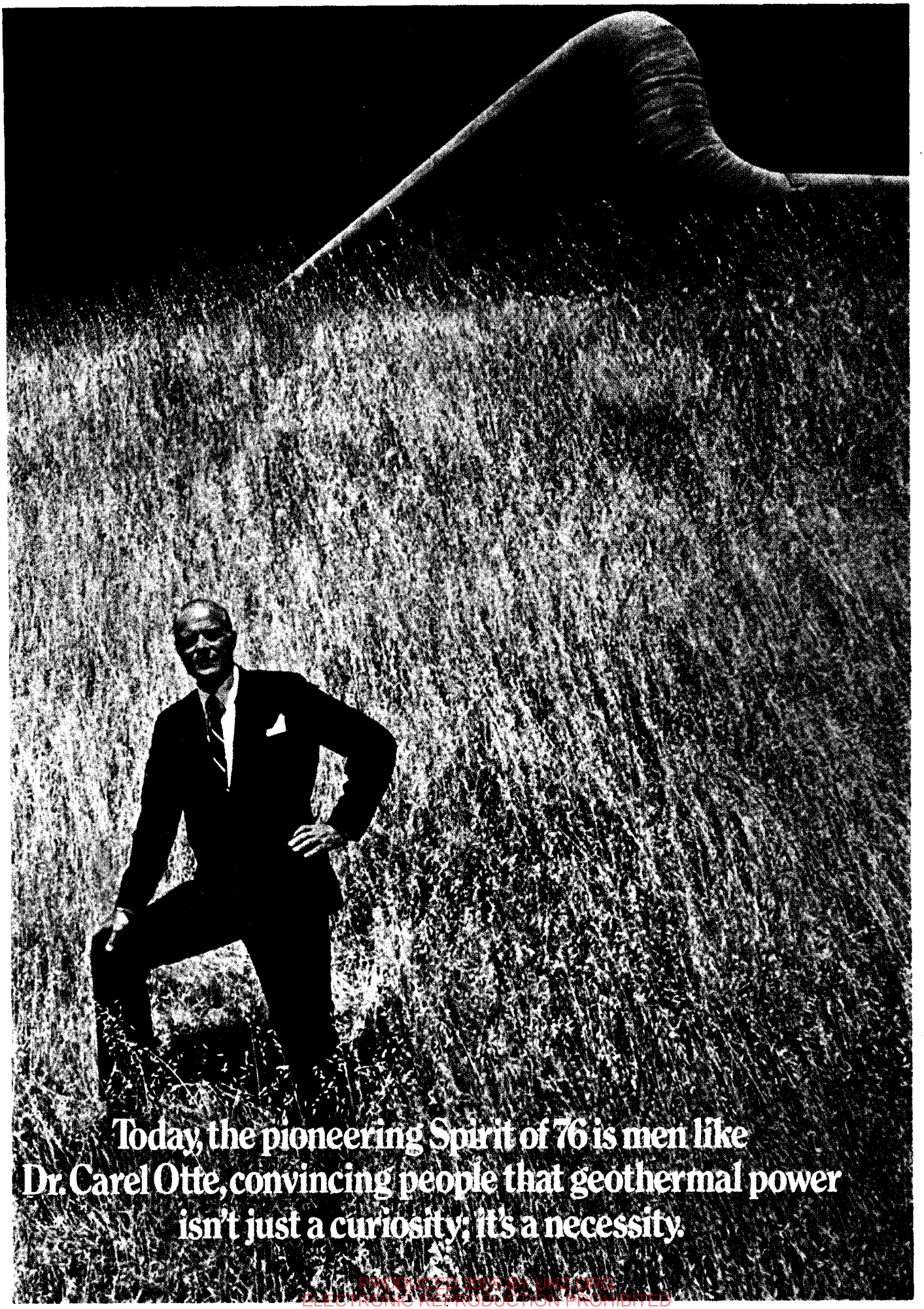
Today, the pioneering Spirit of 76 is men like
Dr. Carel Otte, convincing people that geothermal power
isn't just a curiosity; it's a necessity.

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September 21, 1974

This First Anniversary issue of Saturday Review/World *is dedicated to J. R. Cominsky, publisher of the* Saturday Review *from 1942 to 1968. Jack Cominsky's enthusiasm for everything connected with the magazine was our most potent source of energy for a quarter-century.*

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From Fiftieth to First

Now that our fiftieth birthday is out of the way, we can proceed to observe our first. It was a year ago this week that the *Saturday Review* and *World* became one magazine. Even though we have been described, in some of the accounts of our Golden Anniversary, as one of the nation's oldest magazines, we are also one of the youngest. We are mindful of the long tradition we have inherited, but we are also caught up in the excitement of joining that tradition to what we hope are new ideas and approaches.

Perhaps the most far-reaching of these new ideas is the recent establishment by a distinguished group of Americans of the National Society for Literature and the Arts. The need for such a society is clear enough. The arts in America today are fragmented. They are confronted by common problems, but they lack a common ground of defense. They also lack strong champions. All other special interests in the national life—business, labor, science, etc.—have both their legions and their leaders and ways of getting attention for their problems. The arts, however, are in limbo.

The paradox, of course, is that never before has public interest in the arts been as broad or deep as it is today. More people go to concerts than to baseball games. Sales of books last year topped 400 million copies. Libraries report increased activity. People queue up to see motion pictures of genuine quality. The audience for public television grows month by month. Theatrical companies, amateur and professional, abound throughout the land.

DESPITE THIS SURGE, the condition of the arts in America has seldom been more precarious. The same symphony orchestras and opera companies that play to crowded halls are, paradoxically, threatened with collapse. The only things larger than the audiences are the deficits. Some of the nation's leading performing-arts centers, such as Lincoln Center, in New York, and the Kennedy Center, in Washington, are struggling to keep their doors open. Public libraries are losing their capability to satisfy the needs of people who at long last have discovered the value of a community institution concerned with the life of the mind.

Our hope in giving the fullest possible support to the National Society for Literature and the Arts is that it can have the weight behind it of *Saturday Review/World*'s readership. We want to be able to upgrade the condition of the arts, especially on the community level. We want to be able to help bring about a cohesive and effective constituency for the cultural life of America.

We believe that such a Society would have substantial benefits for its individual members—in terms not only of information and guides to community action but also of group cultural activities.

WE WILL REPORT further in our pages as the Society takes shape. Now, about the magazine itself: Our first year has been deeply gratifying. The *Saturday Review* came back to us in damaged condition, as one might expect of any periodical that had experienced a four-month gap in publication.

We are still attempting to create a satisfactory editorial blend of *SR* and *World*. At the start, we recognized that this was nothing that could be decreed or fashioned overnight. We knew we were dealing with mixed expectations. It was inevitable that some readers would expect us to go back to *SR* as it was three years ago. Others doubtless expected us to put the editorial emphasis on *World*. Basically, we recognized that strong elements of each would have to emerge from the two. We knew, too, that the magazine would have to evolve through interaction between editors and readers.

For many months, we were plagued with subscription-fulfillment problems. We had to merge the subscription lists of four monthly magazines and a biweekly, making certain that the value of the unexpired subscriptions was correctly transposed.

Disaster struck the early days of the combined magazine. Several crates of subscriber names disappeared en route to the subscription-fulfillment company in Iowa. Compounding the anguish was the fact that thousands of subscriber labels were improperly zip-coded, the result being that numberless copies of *SR/W* were dead-ended in post offices throughout the country. (The U.S. Postal Service doesn't forward incorrectly addressed second-class mail.)

For months, we would receive hundreds of letters each day from understandably angry and disillusioned readers. They had gone out of their way to register their support and confidence; in return, they received nothing. It was a heartbreaking time. We had gone through a long ordeal in order to be reunited with the *Saturday Review*; yet our biggest problem of all was getting the magazine delivered to the readers. Hours that should have been spent on the substantial editorial problems of

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combining *SR* and *World* went instead into tense daily conferences with the circulation manager or into telephone calls to disaffected readers.

The nightmare lasted about six months. The entire subscription list has now been correctly zip-coded. The lost names have been reconstructed. The tide of reader mail has swung the other way; people now go out of their way to tell us that their subscriptions are in order.

OTHER PROBLEMS: Less than a year ago, we worried about our paper supply from issue to issue. The supply has now stabilized somewhat, but our worries have shifted to the price increase. Paper costs have gone berserk. Traditionally, paper and printing costs have been roughly equivalent. Today, paper costs as much as printing and paper combined a year or two ago. This differential accounts for about a 33 percent increase in our total production costs and runs about five times as high as the inflationary increase of everything else.

Everything else, that is, except postage. The Postal Rate Commission, in what appears to us to be a reversal of the traditional policies of public service that have governed mail delivery, would like to triple the prices to magazines over what they were only a few years ago. These increases were major factors in the decision of the owners of *Life* and *Look* to discontinue publication. Last month, I went to Washington to testify at hearings of the Postal Rate Commission and tried to make the point that magazines were not crying wolf. And the hard fact is that the Postal Rate Commission is pushing us to the wall.

One of the side effects of the projected new postal rates is to drive some magazines into pornography or near-pornography. Because they will be unable to afford the mails, they may have to try to expand their newsstand sales. In so doing, they will have to compete for space with the magazines that rely on porno or near-porno for their primary circulation.

Despite all this, the general financial condition of *SR/World* has been improving steadily. Subscription renewals have been strong. The Golden Anniversary Issues established a record for advertising in consecutive issues. April was our first month in which we operated in the black—six months ahead of schedule.

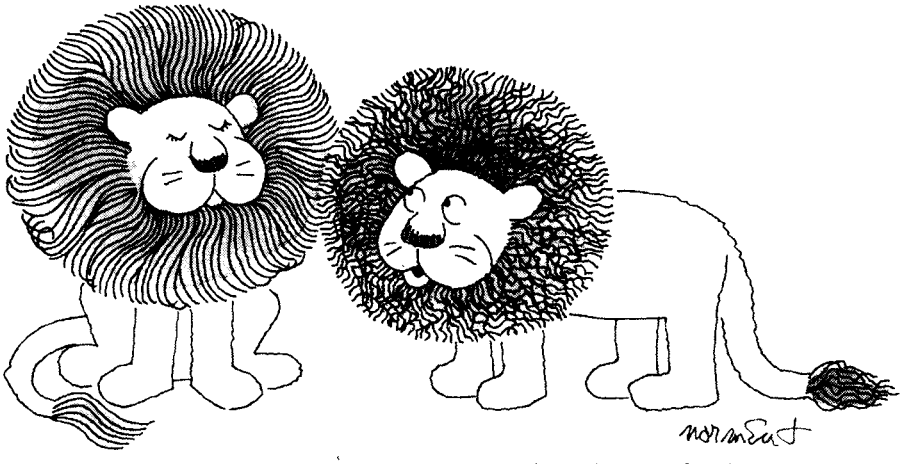
The initial capital for *SR/World* came through sale of direct holdings and stock options I had acquired over the years in the McCall Publishing Co., which had been merged into Norton Simon, Inc. (*SR* had been an independent publishing division of the McCall Publishing Co.) In the past year, a number of friends of the magazine have broadened the ownership base.

The first investors were Ambassador and Mrs. George C. McGhee. Cecelia De Golyer McGhee is the daughter of the late E. De Golyer, who for many years was the owner of the *Saturday Review*. Ambassador McGhee is the former chief of the Policy Planning Council of the U.S. Department of State. Subsequent investors were Philip M. Klutznick, former U.S. representative to the United Nations Economic and Social Council and a Chicago civic leader; Raymond Nasher, of Dallas, under whom I served on the U.S. Committee for the International Cooperation Year; Carl Schaeffer, a New York lawyer who is active in the theater and whom I first met in the Albert Schweitzer Hospital in Africa; Eli Black, an industrialist and philanthropist; Louis Marx, Jr., who had been a major backer of the *Saturday Review* under John Veronis and Nicolas Charney and who was eager to help in the restoration of the magazine; and Leo Nevas, a Connecticut lawyer and a personal friend.

We have also been fortunate in being able to establish a substantial line of credit with the Chase Manhattan Bank. I believe the bank officials may have been impressed by what is perhaps the single most important asset of the magazine—its readership. More than 50 percent of our early readership subscribed in advance for three years. Many of our old advertising friends have returned. We find it heartening that so many of them should tell us about the responsiveness of our readership.

It has been an intense but gratifying year. Despite the lost subscriber names, the damage caused by suspended publication, the zooming cost of paper, and our struggle with the postal authorities, we wouldn't trade our job for any other in the world. It has been a year of regeneration and rejoicing. We have the magazine back, we are re-united with our readers, we have things we want to write about, and we are still together as an editorial team. One of the things about the magazine that gives me great pride is that, just under the tier of senior editors, we have a group of young people, most of them women in their 20s—bright, resourceful, highly competent, innovative—who understand the traditions of the magazine, who know that readers are not customers but owners and partners, and who believe that a good magazine requires more than editorial craftsmanship: It requires the editors to pour their love into it. It is not merely reassuring but exhilarating to know that young editors of this caliber are ready to take on increased responsibilities and to enlarge the usefulness of the magazine in the years ahead.

We are betting our professional lives that *Saturday Review/World* will not only endure but will become ever stronger as a medium of communication and as a constructive force in the national culture. Our strongest asset, as I said a moment ago, is our readership. It is not just what the editors bring to the readers but what the readers bring to the editors that determines whether a magazine is fully alive. N.C.



"I just washed mine, and can't do a thing with it."

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Letters From Readers

Putting a Pioneer in Focus

I'm very sad. I read Margaret Weiss's article on photography ("The Presence of the Past," August 10). Not one mention of Ivan Dmitri—the man who was the first to take a photograph on Kodachrome film (ask Leo Godowsky, co-inventor); the man who was first to make the largest blow-up from 35mm black-and-white film, which hung in New York City's Radio City Music Hall (ask the makers of the Leica camera company); the man who conceived and directed the Photography in the Fine Arts shows which *SR* sponsored over the years. My stomach turneth. My heart aches. How could you let this slip, slip by?

Emily Suesskind
New York, N.Y.

Margaret Weiss replies:

It is distressing to learn that my article caused anyone heartache and a queasy stomach. I had not expected my camera time-capsule to provoke anything more upsetting than a bit of reflection—a few thoughts on how photography's past modes might be affecting its present mood.

In the limited space of 1,600 words, my aim was only to characterize each passing decade, not to chronicle its cast of characters and their individual performance records. The focus was set for "establishing shots," not close-ups—for continuity rather than chronology.

Nor was it my intention to review *SR*'s broad and consistent editorial support of the medium over the past 15 years—though much could be said about the fact that *SR-SR/W* is the first and only *general-interest* magazine to have made the subject of photography a *regular department* of its worldwide coverage.

As for Ivan Dmitri and Photography in the Fine Arts, I need no reminder that *SR* editorially supported Ivan's exhibition program. It was I who reported PFA activities in dozens and dozens of color and black-and-white pages of *SR* from 1961 to 1968—and in the May 18, 1968, issue had the sad assignment of writing an obituary tribute to Ivan, whose interests, aims, and friendship we all shared. (In my more nostalgic moments, I even remember the many times that the Dmitri studio was the scene of *SR*'s World Travel Photo Contest judging, and how much we appreciated the good services of his assistant Emily Suesskind in keeping projector and bar running smoothly.)

Please be assured that there was neither careless oversight nor short memory at work in shaping the content of my article.

The Magic of Confidence

May I suggest that the editorial by N.C. ("The Healing Power of the Patient," July 13) receive wider dissemination. As a professional in the field of gerontology, I found much that was not only insightful but applicable to theories and practices generally advocated for the resolution of the problems of older persons in the population.

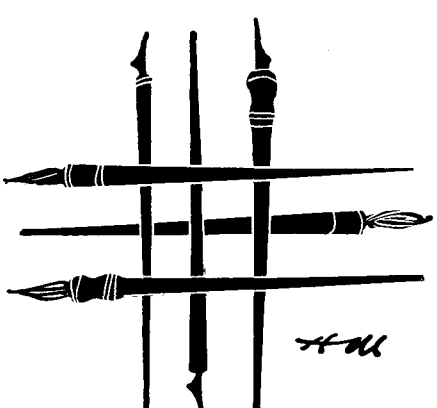
In my view, too many of the practices and programs proposed for the elderly are detached and impersonal views based on age stereotypes. The therapeutic effects of placebos cited in the editorial indicate that "the body's benevolent chemistry" can be activated and all sorts of magic take place when individual anxiety is replaced by confidence.

Aging may very well be an artifact of an industrial society whose goals seldom include concern for the individual. Medical practice for the elderly seldom includes ideas that can be "converted into specific change for the better." Most individuals, regardless of age, do have a will to live, and the task of gerontologists is to find ways to put this will to work.

Ann Vinson, Ph.D.
Ann Arbor, Mich.

Greatness Without Conscience

I must take issue with Harrison Salisbury's article on Russian writers ("The Russian Writer as World Conscience," July 27) because I was disappointed with what looked like a very promising theme. . . . After presenting a long string of names that is almost breathtaking, for I am in agreement with Mr. Salisbury's belief that these writers have produced a body of work without peer, he then seems content to spend the greater part of his article with Mr. Nabokov. . . . True, he is a fine writer, perhaps a great one, and a stunning linguist . . . but I certainly question the company that Mr. Salisbury, without hesitation, places him above, and I also question his very presence in an article on this topic.



He is in exile, yes, but following such people as Tolstoi, Mandelshtam, Pasternak, and Solzhenitsyn, it really sticks in my throat to mention Nabokov as being one of the Russian writers who speaks for the world's conscience. A master of language, and probably a better writer than Solzhenitsyn or Pasternak, but a dwarf compared with those two men. . . . And, finally, I would question the very Russian-ness of Nabokov. Of all the writers named, he seems to me to be the least Russian among them and the least concerned with acting as a world conscience.

Richard Welte
Oklahoma City, Okla.

Nascence of Nazism

. . . I think Charles Markmann has made too much of Luther's impact on the Nazi movement in Germany ("Luther as Lucifer," July 27).

For one thing, Prussianism was not necessarily Lutheran. Some Prussian princes and later kaisers consciously favored Calvinism and "rationalism" over Lutheranism. One has to keep in mind the dissenting tradition in Lutheranism, too, as exhibited in the "Stephanites" and others in Saxony and Prussia who berated their governments and emigrated to the United States, where they founded the Missouri Synod. . . .

Also, it should be kept in mind that Nazism first flowered in Bavaria, a non-Lutheran province. . . . Industrialism, Darwinism, traditional patriarchalism, a revival of pre-Christian *"volksturm,"* and a new sense of great national power have had more impact on twentieth-century German behavior than has Lutheranism.

Niel M. Johnson
Blair, Neb.

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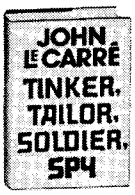

338. Pub price $7.95

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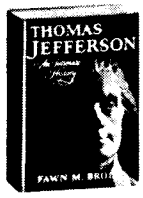

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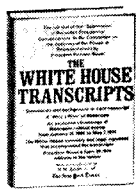

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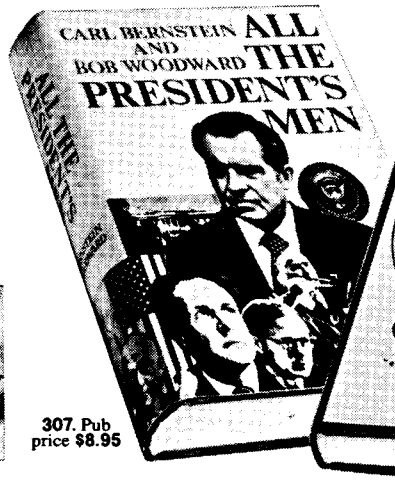

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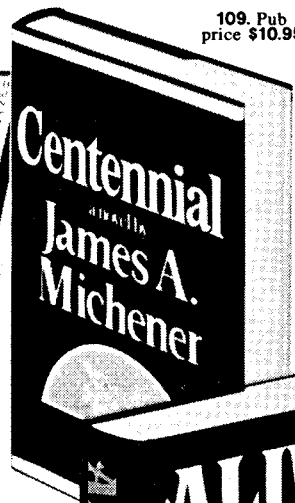

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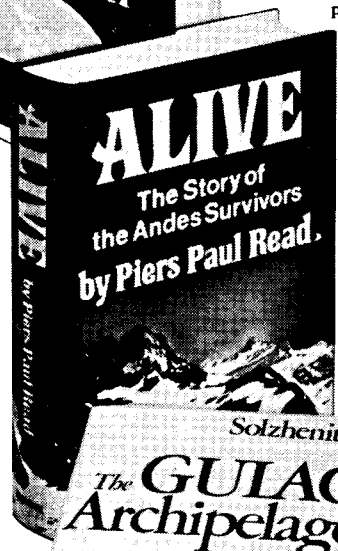

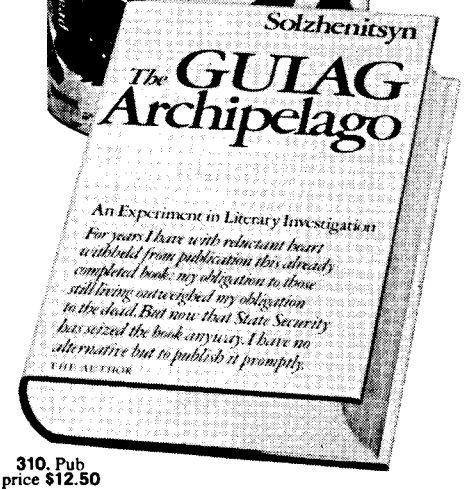

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World Progress Report

Voice in the Dark

For the blind, access to information often depends on the availability of a recording of the desired text, or someone to read it aloud, or a braille transcription. But a new machine called the Cognodictor, patented in the name of the Veterans Administration, offers the blind an instantaneous, untiring reading of any printed material.

The device locks onto the printed line with an optical probe, translating the words from black and white into speech by sounding the letters in rapid succession. Once the user gets the knack of understanding rapidly pronounced letters instead of conventional syllables, he can "read" at a rate of up to 100 words per minute. Production of the Cognodictor, licensed by the Veterans Administration, is expected to begin next year.

Radical Pipeline

While severe, chronic water shortages limit food production in many parts of the world, a new subterranean irrigation system developed by Dr. W. Stander of Germany's Karlsruhe Polytechnic Institute promises to conserve as much as two-thirds of the water used by conventional methods.

The new system carries water to the plants' root level in a pipeline buried about 20 inches deep along the crop rows. Under pressure, water pumped through the pipe is forced into the soil at a precisely measured rate controlled by underground sensors, carrying fertilizer and chemicals to control pests, weeds, and fungi. The pipeline can also carry oxygen or carbon dioxide and change soil temperature to create optimum growing conditions.

Experiments in Greece and Tunisia, where such a system has been in operation for some time, indicate that subsurface irrigation conserves so much water that it is relatively inexpensive compared with conventional surface-watering techniques. In addition, while the even distribution of water and other essential inputs below ground promotes plant growth, the loose and dry surface soil layer inhibits weed growth and evaporation. The plastic pipe can be installed efficiently by machine.

More extensive trials of the system are planned soon, to be financed by the German Federal Ministry for Economic Cooperation. At the instigation of the European Economic Community, cattle fodder will be grown on a 270-acre test plot in the Sahel region of Africa, where persistent drought threatens entire populations with starvation.

Magnetic Attraction

Time, the saying goes, heals all wounds, but sometimes things don't work out quite that way. Some serious fractures and flesh wounds persist in spite of time, healing too slowly, or incompletely, or not at all. Recent research has demonstrated that electromagnetism, whose medical applications have heretofore been confined mostly to horror films, can actually promote healing in many recalcitrant cases.

In a method developed by Munich engineer Werner Kraus and tested successfully on 180 patients, a magnetic field is created in a coil surrounding the fracture zone, sending an electric current between two electrodes anchored to the broken bone. This increases the flow of blood within the magnetic field, thereby accelerating the healing process.

According to Dr. Fritz Lechner of the Garmisch-Partenkirchen Hospital, the electromagnetic treatment can produce "near miracles" in cases where infection complicates fractures by eroding bone tissue. The method has also been effective in treating pseudoarthrosis, in which a loose link forms between mending bones instead of a solid regrowth. Another researcher, Dr. Wolfgang Muhlbauer, reports that high-energy magnetic fields are effective in promoting the growth of new tissue in wounds and in the reunification of divided nerves. The only reported negative side effects of the magnetic therapy include nagging pain for a few days and increased need for sleep.

More Bounce to the Ounce

Outplaying the West at its own game, Japanese technology has come up with the perfect answer for the duffer with driving ambition: a super golf ball. Developed by a research team at Kyoto University's engineering school in collaboration with an industrial firm, the new ball is made of rubber mixed with a high-molecular substance irradiated to increase its elasticity in a collision with a golf club. The Daiwa Rubber and Chemical Industry Co. of Kobe plans to market the bouncy ball soon.

New Wrinkles

The U.S. Department of Agriculture has recently published, presumably in the public interest, a research report titled "Mothers' Attitudes Toward Cotton and Other Fibers in Children's Lightweight Clothing." The government research discovered, among other things, that U.S. consumers exhibit a marked preference for children's clothes that require no ironing.

This information was derived from in-depth interviews with 2,161 randomly selected citizens from coast to coast. The project cost the taxpayers $113,417, or $52.48 per interview.

ANTHONY WOLFF

"Brace yourself—here comes the denouement."

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My Stockbroker Laughed When I Asked Him What He Thought of Investing in Rare Gold Coins.

Is he unusual? No.

Ask your stockbroker, if you haven't already, and chances are that he'll laugh, too.

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Rare Gold Management's is.

We have the expertise you need to build an investment portfolio of rare gold coins—and to develop its full capital growth potential.

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Our national teletype facilities connecting us with dealers throughout the country, and our foreign trading connections, are maintained for your use. Our professional buyers comb the United States and foreign countries for prime investment material.

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Cutting the Metabilical Cord

by R. Buckminster Fuller

In the overall, ecological, life patternings of the mammals, the male of the species sweeps out much larger territory than do the females and young. Male wolves "sweep out" or "hunt out" a circular area of approximately 54-mile radius—while the female and young roam a very local safe hiding area. Because female humans learned early that fire could both ensure and prolong the viability of foods brought home by the males and because (1) it took a long time to get fire started and (2) because fires had to be carefully tended lest they spread to fire the forest: the women and young stayed near the hearth—the central fireplace, the heart of the home—while Daddy roamed far and wide in his hunting for human life support.

Throughout all the past ages it was Daddy who brought home the family's life support. First and for long, Daddy operated as a hunter, and Mom decided whether to kill, milk, or breed the animals that he brought in. Mom consolidated the gains made by Dad and learned how to store, preserve, and process the foods discovered or captured by Dad. As the ages passed, the manner in which Daddy supported the family went through many changes. But through those changing ages Daddy continued as the one who made contact with the outer life. Mom did so to a lesser degree through local gossip with neighboring moms, who relayed what their men had told them. The parents not only looked out for the young but also brought home all the news and were the arbiters of what it was best to tell the children. No use in scaring them. Not only were Mom and Dad the life-supporters, but also they were *the* authorities on history and the tribal laws and on how people had learned what to do in various situations and on how to take advantage of nature's resources.

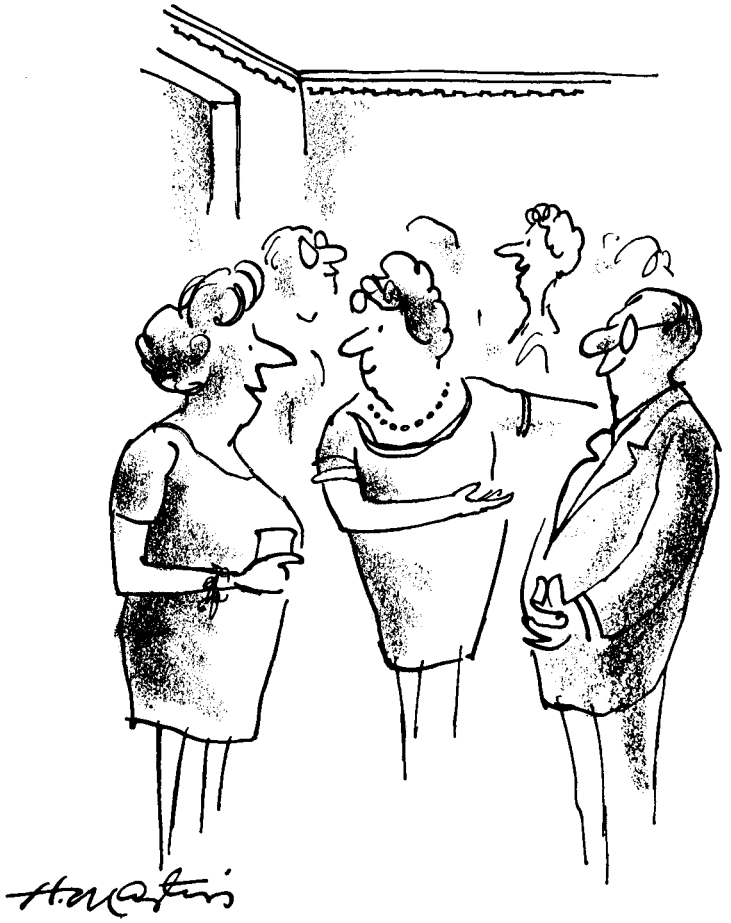
As far back as people could remember, the children's authorities were Dad, number one, and Mom, number two, regarding all that was developing in the world that might affect the families' way of life. Because they were the absolute and exclusive family authorities on all information, the way Daddy and Mom said things was *the* way to say them. The children naturally emulated their parents' vocabularies and speech idiosyncrasies.

IN THE FIRST JOBS that I had before World War I, I was fortunate to work with skilled craftsmen. These craftsmen had well-stocked toolboxes, and they guarded carefully the secret nuances of their skills because their families' lives depended on their "earning a living" with their long and diligently acquired crafts. It was assumedly obvious that there was not enough life support for all; wherefore the individual must prove himself indispensable as a craftsman, fighter, or wit to be allowed to share in the lethally limited life-support resources. The craftsmen did not teach other people gratuitously. They divulged knowledge only when sure that their teaching would provide greater advantages for their families or for their true and proven friends, their tribe, or their nation. These were fine humans, and like everybody else in those days, they knew little about the rest of the world.

Suddenly all that Dad and Mom had said could never happen began to happen. I was 7 years of age when the first automobile came into Boston, and I was 8 when the Wright brothers first flew their airplane at Kitty Hawk. I was 12 when the radio was first used successfully at sea for an S.O.S. rescue operation. When I was 14, humans reached the North Pole. When I was 16, humans reached the South Pole. Until then Mercator's map of the world as an East-West stretch-out was eminently adequate though its top and bottom borders contained but a few vaguely sketched-in discoveries of Arctic or Antarctic coastline fragments, any of which could have been coastlines of islands or continents. It was supposed that humans would never be able to go farther south or north. Suddenly they went all the way north and south; that was as far as they could go. That was the mathematical limit and not a limit of the state of human know-how.

Humanity knew very little when I was young. People did not know much about the rest of the world. From time to time there were travelers' accounts about people in other places, but by and large

(Continued on page 55.)



"Gracious! Not the John Doe?"

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"Offshore drilling is our best source of new oil."
"Maybe so, but it's not worth polluting our beaches. One Santa Barbara is enough."
"But the chance of a serious oil spill is less than one in a thousand."
"I wish I knew what to believe."

OFFSHORE DRILLING: BLIGHT OR BONANZA? Off our shores may be enough oil and gas to take care of an important part of America's petroleum needs for many years to come.

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Exclusive Interview

Photographs of the Panovs by Randolph Swartz

Valery Panov and Galina Ragozina Panov practice arabesques *in th*

The Panovs, Airborne Again

by Walter Terry

Valery Panov, Russian Jew, and his gentile wife, Galina Ragozina, are at last free and in their new homeland, Israel. For two years these dancers of Leningrad's world-famous Kirov Ballet were subjected to harassment, repression, persecution, and, worst of all for dancers, confinement to apartment-quarters so small that they could not practice their art or keep their bodies in shape.

The world press reported, first on theater-arts pages, next on editorial pages, and lastly on front pages, their two-year struggle to emigrate to Israel. The Vitebsk-born, 35-year-old Valery was fired from the Kirov, where he was a star dancer, merely for asking to emigrate, and demoted from "honored artist" to "hooligan." The Siberian-born, 25-year-old Galina was reduced from soloist to corps de ballet *status for not deserting her husband. She resigned.*

They are, at last, free, but is it too late? Here, in an exclusive interview with SR/W*'s dance critic, Walter Terry, they tell of their ordeal and their hopes and plans. They granted permission for the taking of exclusive pictures in a private ballet class (they were the only pupils) in London, where they had journeyed from Tel Aviv to thank British Actors Equity, Lord Olivier, and countless theater colleagues and admirers for the campaign that led to their final release.*

Valery and Galina Panov invited me, while I was in London early last month, to join them, later the same day, at a practice session in a studio at the Sadler's Wells Theater. I felt honored to be asked. After translating their invitation, the Panovs' new manager, Maxim Gershunoff, added, "He says he trusts you." By this Panov meant, I assume, that he knew my past interest in his work and felt I would view with an understanding eye the couple's efforts to regain top form. These are, after all, crucial times for them: two years of "house arrest" in a small room, two years without proper daily ballet training, have certainly been debilitating for young Galina Panov; for Valery, in his mid-30s, it might prove fatal to his career.

Later that day, I met the Panovs at Sadler's Wells, the theater which has witnessed many decades of British ballet history. (The Royal Ballet was for many years the Sadler's Wells Ballet and was so called when it made its U.S. debut.) We climbed the stairs (they ran, I plodded) to an airy, spacious, top-floor studio. English dance stars had been born in this very studio. Could the Panovs feel the promise of dance rebirth here? I watched as they worked out; my photographer snapped pictures. There was no musical accompaniment, and there were no other students, no teacher, no audience—just work. Valery began by sprinkling the floor with water to prevent slipping. Then someone brought in a half-dozen Cokes (dancers need lots of liquid and, of course, sweets for energy), and we were ready to go.

At the ballet *barre* their foot placements were absolutely correct. Ballet's

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ivacy of the Sadler's Wells Theater—Getting back into shape.

essential 90-degree turnout of the limbs was unimpaired. The feet pointed and flexed easily. But these were mere ABCs. Then they raised their legs. Yes, "extension" was still there and controlled. Galina's leg swept ear-high. Good. Valery? Higher than hip-high. Fine for a man. These were not desperate kicks or loose chorus-girl kicks. These were *grands battements* in which a leg was raised and placed at a point in space while the turnout was maintained and the stance of the body remained erect and noble.

FOR VALERY, the Kirov method of teaching classical ballet is "the best in the world." And who would wish to dispute the eminence of a school that produced Pavlova, Nijinsky, Karsavina, Fokine, Balanchine, Danilova, Nureyev, Makarova, and our newest acquisition in the West, the brilliant Baryshnikov? Valery takes enormous pride in this heritage. He confided, "When I left Russia, my friends said, 'It doesn't matter that your passport says *Jewish*. You represent *our* Russian art, *our* culture.' "

In this very special self-taught, perhaps historic, class in the Sadler's Wells studio, the exactitude of that Kirov training, which dates back to the great days of the Russian Imperial Ballet in St. Petersburg's famed Maryinsky Theater (now the Kirov), was ever present. When Valery and Galina moved away from the support of the *barre* to the center of the studio, they brought with them the same care for body placement, for detail of body alignment, from toes to fingertips, that they had worked for when the *barre* provided an assist to balance. At "center," they worked first at adagio, at slow, controlled movements that would give them strength as well as stretch, balance as well as a base from which to defy gravity in spins and leaps.

Both dancers were deadly serious. They worked together, usually in unison, but they rarely looked at each other. Valery still had his multiple pirouettes, but he wasn't happy with them. He looked grim. He tried again. Much better, for they were fast and slowed down to a perfected balance on half-toe. When they stopped, he ended in a correct ballet fifth position. *"Da!"*

Valery had been famous for his jumps, his remarkable elevation. Indeed, when Rudolf Nureyev defected from the Kirov in 1961, Panov, who had been a principal with Leningrad's Maly, was moved to the Kirov as his replacement. Valery had excelled in the high-flying title role in *Harlequin* (*Les Millions d'Arlequin*), a part associated with the young Fokine and the soaring Nijinsky. Here at Sadler's Wells in the privacy of a studio, he jumped. Up he went, but he wasn't pleased. "It must be better," he mumbled. "It will be," he said as he looked at Galina. She nodded.

Galina is quite small and very, very blonde. She uses no makeup, and although this makes her seem plain, she is actually very pretty. Valery is dark, partly bald, very intense (but relaxed in muscle while volatile in speech), and almost somber, until he flashes one of the most engaging smiles you are likely to see. He is about average height and, I thought when I first met him, rather stocky. But in ballet class his command of his body seemed to slenderize him right before my eyes.

He is free now to do just as he pleases; yet here he is working, sweating, practicing in exactly the same manner he did at the Kirov. He left Russia not simply because he was Jewish but because, like the defectors from the Kirov, he felt shackled artistically. But his new development, both as a dancer and a choreographer and, perhaps, as a director of a ballet company, would still be rooted in his Russian ballet past. "To pretend to discover something new without tradition behind you," he told me, leaning against the *barre* and mopping sweat from his brow, "is ridiculous. I can't stand dilettantes.

"The artist who paints pictures, even if he turns to abstraction, must know traditions first. I cannot create anything new without knowledge of classical forms. Classical ballet is basic. It is stable. All other dance forms are offshoots of it.

"Some contemporary dancers say that our ballet ended with Petipa, with his *Sleeping Beauty* or *Corsaire*. [The reference was to Marius Petipa, the nineteenth-century master of Russian ballet, the choreographer of countless ballets, some of them synonymous with the term *classical ballet*.] They say such things

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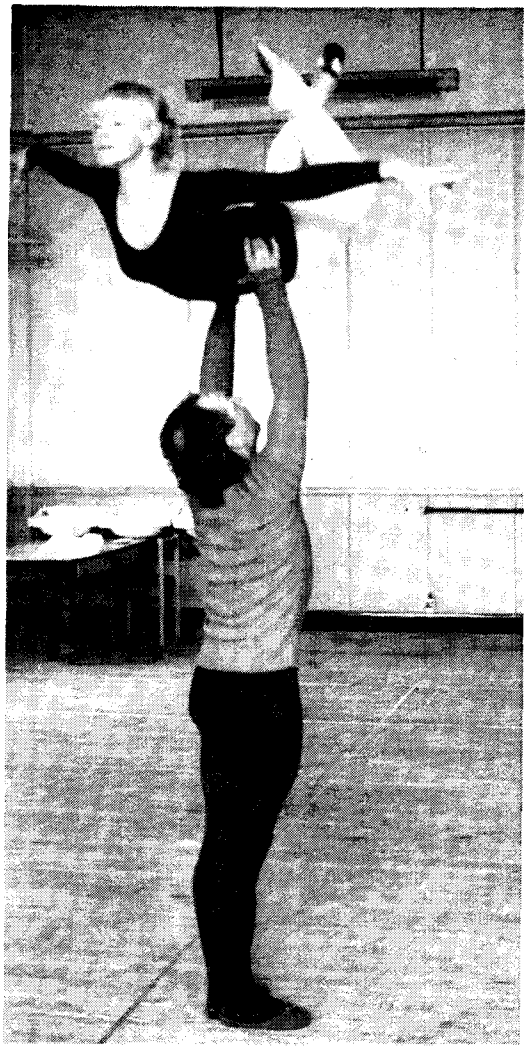

They "shall try to dance everywhere but . . . always come back to Israel."

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only to excuse themselves, to justify what they do that has no base, no stability.

"I will express what I feel. I will use in my new choreography any technique, mime, even jazz and what I invent myself, but it will all have a base, a stability in classical ballet.

"For me, the number one choreographer today is your Jerome Robbins. He is new, he invents, yet he knows that classical ballet is not old-fashioned, that it does not end with Petipa."

But where oh where will the Panovs go, other than geographically to Israel? They cannot dash into the highly remunerative guest-star business as did Nureyev and Makarova when they first defected, for they were in peak form when, as Makarova puts it, "Ve run avay." They were able to "guest" here and there at high fees before finding semi-permanent bases, as Nureyev did with Margot Fonteyn and Britain's Royal Ballet and as Makarova has done with the American Ballet Theatre. Panov's departure had not been quick. He waited for two years, watching his dancer's body slowly deteriorate. When at last he reached Israel, he knew that it would take him at least four months to ready himself for the stage. When Makarova heard of his release, the first thing she said was, "I will be so very, very happy if he gets back into shape easily." She had danced with him at the Kirov, and when I asked her about him she said, "I think he is exciting in action roles, in *demi-caractère*. I don't think of him as subtle, but very exciting, yes, yes!"

I had remembered him similarly; so when I got back to New York, I checked my memory by looking up a July 1959 review I had written in the *New York Herald Tribune* of a performance of a Russian Festival of Music and Dance at Madison Square Garden. He and Tatiana Borovikova danced the *pas de deux* from *Le Corsaire*. I had written: "They danced it with everything they had. Their flamboyant style may be rather hard to take—Mr. Panov is particularly guilty of hamming—but the dance tricks they accomplish skillfully."

Times have changed since those early days of Soviet-American ballet exchanges, for we Americans have added Bolshoi bravura to our ballet, and the Russians in turn have learned from us about subtlety in dramatics.

Now in August of 1974, there was much to learn from Panov—about his way of dancing, about his choreographic plans, about his Jewishness, about his art, and about that uncertain future which will involve both Panovs.

When the class at the Sadler's Wells studio finished up, the Panovs asked me to visit them in their borrowed flat in London. Once we were there, they explained they had come to London to thank all of those, from unsung members of Actors Equity to Lord Olivier himself, and others, too, who had campaigned for their release.

Valery sat in a deep, comfortable chair. Galina was in the galley-kitchenette, which opened over the counter into the living room. She listened intently. Sometimes she nodded or smiled, but she rarely spoke. At one point, she handed her husband a raw egg in the shell with the tip cut off and later fed him other nourishing but non-fattening tidbits. She stopped briefly to sit on the arm of his chair, to touch his hand or head, to feel his nearness.

I asked Valery if, now the terrible ordeal of getting from Russia to Israel was over, Israel would be forever his home. He looked at me with great intensity. He said, "I belong to the world."

Western sympathies have always been extended to artists who have sought artistic freedom. In the case of the Panovs, emotions as well as ethics were involved, for Panov, though seeking artistic freedom, was a Jew who had asked to go to the embattled home of his ancestors. Jewry around the world had taken up the cause. So did sympathizers. Indeed, battles for and against the Panovs took place on both sides of the Iron Curtain.

In Leningrad, his request to emigrate to Israel had not only led to Panov's dismissal from the Kirov, but it had also led to his arrest on charges of hooliganism, to a prison term (in a cell with limbless prisoners), to an attempt to have Galina divorce her husband, to another attempt to get Galina's mother to refuse permission for her daughter to leave, and finally to a hunger strike by Valery.

Outside Russia, the struggle on behalf of the Panovs included letters of appeal to Soviet officials; the picketing of Soviet cultural events; the cancellation of the U.S. tour of the Kirov Ballet (officially the cancellation came because of a possible fuel shortage, but we all knew better); and mice let loose in the theaters where Russians were performing.

England and America worked closely on a transatlantic campaign best symbolized, perhaps, by the unceasing efforts of identical twins, Patricia Barnes (wife of *The New York Times* dance critic, Clive Barnes) and Rosemary Winckley (London-based), who channeled their energies and their incomes into trips and telephone calls to Leningrad, into "care" packages, and into simply standing tall and saying, "Don't lose hope."

The Panovs, then, as Valery says, "belong to the world." But what of Israel? All balletomanes knew that the Panovs would not be ready for guest appearances immediately, and they also surmised that the Panovs owed much to their new land. But where could they dance in Israel? With what company? Obviously, Inbal, that superb troupe with its Yemenite heritage, was not for the Panovs. Two other major troupes came to mind, Batsheva and Bat Dor, sponsored by the Baroness Bethsabée (*Batsheva*, in Hebrew) de Rothschild, for many years the chief patroness of Martha Graham and her company.

But Batsheva is a modern dance

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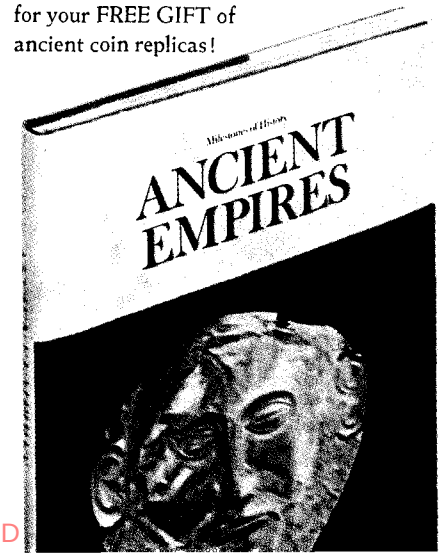

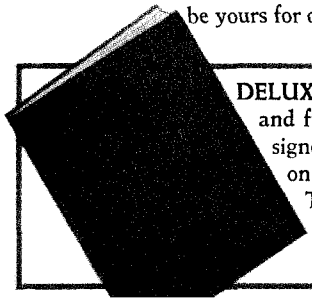

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company—Miss Graham herself has just returned from Israel, where she staged a new work for that group—and although Bat Dor is ballet-oriented, it does not seem to provide the right Kirov-style background in which Panov believes.

Leaps Into Exile

For exactly 50 years there have been major Russian ballet defections, which have not only profoundly influenced ballet in America but have also changed the course of dance history. The defectors have come from Leningrad, formerly St. Petersburg, home of the Russian Imperial Ballet, and from its ballet school, which has produced some of the greatest ballet beings, performers and choreographers, the world has ever known. The roster of major defections is as follows:

1924—George Balanchine, Alexandra Danilova, Tamara Geva
1928—Vera Volkova
1961—Rudolf Nureyev
1970—Natalia Makarova, Alexander Filipov
1974—Valery Panov, Galina Ragozina Panov, Mikhail Baryshnikov

Balanchine became the last major choreographer for Sergei Diaghilev (who died in 1929) and his Ballets Russes, co-founded the School of American Ballet with Lincoln Kirstein, and now heads the world-famous New York City Ballet as one of the greatest choreographers in ballet history.

Danilova became the beloved prima ballerina of the Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo, and for two decades was the most popular ballerina in America.

Geva, an actress as well as a dancer, made history as the dancing star of Balanchine's memorable and revolutionary Broadway musical *On Your Toes.*

Volkova, who defected in Shanghai, started to teach and was asked by a Mrs. Hookham if she thought her daughter, Peggy, had possibilities as a dancer. Volkova did, and Peggy Hookham grew up to be Margot Fonteyn. Mme. Volkova became one of the most celebrated teachers of ballet, training Fonteyn, Maria Tallchief, the young Erik Bruhn, and an array of splendid dancers in the Royal Danish Ballet, where she is now principal teacher. She has coached teachers who, in turn, have produced the brightest

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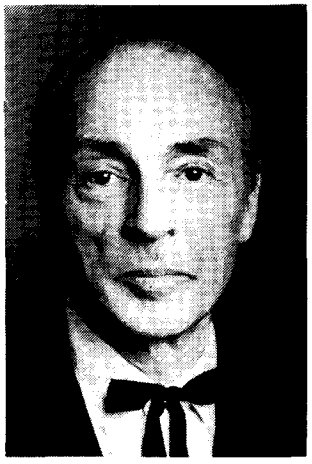
His eyes shining, and leaning forward in his chair, Valery now said to me, "There is a solution. It could be historic: to create a new company, the National Ballet of Israel, supported by the Israeli government."

Valery Panov would, of course, head the new company. "I would do what John Cranko did with the Stuttgart Ballet—recruit dancers from all over the world to build a great classical company. I'm studying the Cranko formula right now. I'm having conferences with the Stuttgart people here." (The world-famous Stuttgart Ballet, which the late John Cranko built from a small German municipal ballet into one of the world's great dance troupes, was playing to ca-



eorge Balanchine

Alexandra Danilova

Marcus Blechman
Tamara Geva

Jack Mitchell
Vera Volkova

uis Peres
udolf Nureyev

artha Swope
atalia Makarova

stars of the Stuttgart Ballet (Haydée, Cragun, Madsen, etc.) and other companies.

Nureyev. Obviously, a superstar, the magical partner of Fonteyn, the man who made the *premier danseur* as glamorous and as surefire box office as the prima ballerina and, most important, an artist of very great worth to the world of dance.

Makarova, a brilliant virtuosa, a consummate artist. She defected because she didn't want to go on dancing *Giselle* and *Swan Lake*—ballets in which she has few peers—steadily for the rest of her dancing life. A fulfillment for her and for her vast public has been her triumph in a demanding modern ballet, Antony Tudor's *Pillar of Fire*.

Filipov, Kirov-trained and youthful principal with the Moiseyev's Young Classical Ballet, bounced from the American Ballet Theatre to the Pittsburgh Ballet to the San Francisco Ballet. Not so polished an artist as the other defectors, he has a brilliant "bounce."

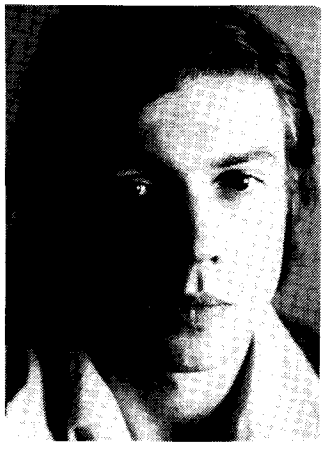
The Panovs. They did not defect, but they fought—and the dance world with them—for freedom, and soon we shall know what they will do with that freedom.

Baryshnikov, the latest to defect (July 1974). A virtuoso, a polished stylist, an electrifying performer. Very special.

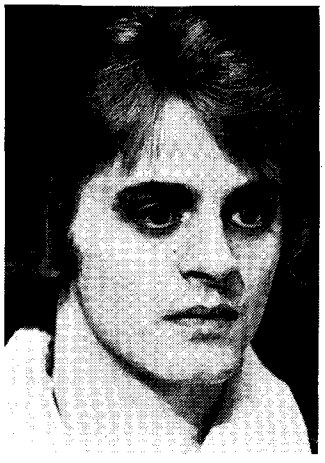
Not one defected for political reasons. All left their homeland, taking their Russian-ness and their great ballet heritage with them, in search of artistic freedom that only the free West could offer.

Why have all the major defector-departers come from Leningrad? Formerly called St. Petersburg, the city, built by Peter the Great, is described in dictionaries and histories as Russia's "window on Europe."

Makarova, when I asked her why all the ballet defectors came from Leningrad, said, "Pushkin wrote that Peter opened a Russian window into Europe. So you see, it was Peter the Great who made it possible for me to jump out! That's why no one ever leaves Moscow—there's no window." W.T.



Martha Swope
Alexander Filipov



Martha Swope
Mikhail Baryshnikov

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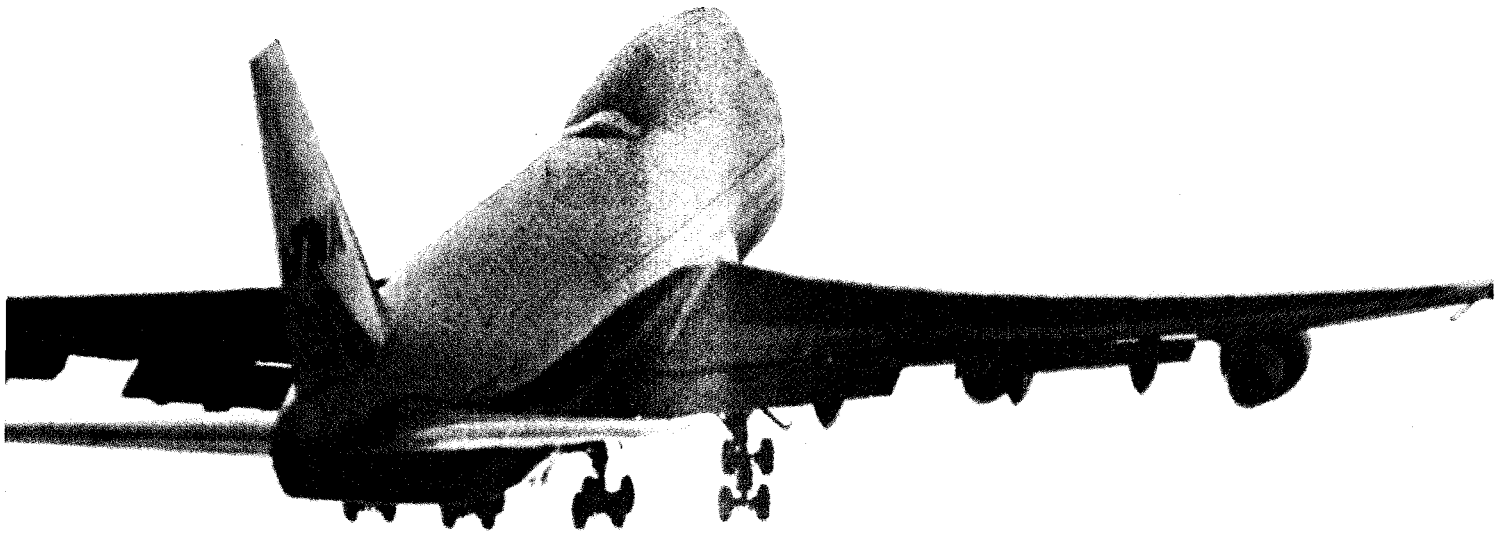

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pacity houses at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, during the Panovs' London visit.)

Galina returned from the kitchen to sit on the arm of his chair, listening to every word as her husband said, "If this historic company comes into being, I shall create many different kinds of ballets and commission others. Of course I shall use Biblical themes, Israeli themes. Lev Kogan, the composer, and I are already conferring on a *Salome* ballet. And one day I shall dance of my bitter experience in Russia. It won't be literal. I will not run around with a gun, asking for revenge. Evil is not inside me. Hatred does not remain sealed in me—it is ventilated by my art."

I looked at Galina. The London *Observer* had carried a report that Mrs. Panov was the dominant one of the two. I said that since a wife was supposed to have the last word, what did she think of what her husband had said, and would she like to have the last word? She laughed, squeezed Valery's shoulder, and said, through Max, "Yes, I would like to have the last word. Without question I agree with every word he said!"

THE TWO are in complete agreement about when, where, and what they will first dance. Bat Dor is out. They are not ready for guest appearances with foreign companies, and the National Ballet of Israel is still just a dream. But dance they must. In November, Valery Panov and Galina Ragozina will appear in Tel Aviv as soloists with Zubin Mehta's renowned Israeli Philharmonic Orchestra. Robert Zeller, well known to American ballet audiences, will conduct.

Valery told me what he will dance. "Perhaps the *Salome*, if Kogan and I finish it in time. Definitely, the *Adagio* from *The Nutcracker*. We'll also dance a new ballet on a Georgian theme. It's called *Goryanka*, or 'The Mountain Girl.' I choreographed it with a Russian colleague in Russia. It's quite oriental, and it takes a small *corps*, which I'll recruit in Tel Aviv. Maybe we'll do something from *The Lady and the Hooligan*. I used to dance it in Russia. Someday, I'd like to stage it for the Stuttgart. It's a Russian ballet satire by Boyarsky, which shows the conflict between capitalism and socialism in Russia in 1920. And there will be one or two other dances we'll select later."

Will the plans for an Israeli ballet mean that Israel will be his permanent home? "Not permanent home," Valery

Roots in the Kirov method of classical ballet—"The best in the world."

told me, "but home base. The Israeli government is wonderful. They understand what I mean when I say I belong to the world. Even better, they want the world to see Galina and me. The Israeli officials who want to make a company for us also encourage me to dance everywhere.

"And I shall try to dance everywhere. But I shall always come back to Israel. There is so much I want to do for ballet there." The ideas came tumbling out: "I want to stage for Israel the great Russian classics like *Don Quixote* and *The Bronze Horseman*. I'll try to preserve their style, their lyricism, even their sentimental air . . . man cannot live without being sentimental.

"But there are new things to be done. I am a revolutionary individual. In Russia your ideas are suppressed; you cannot be yourself. Today, I am so overwhelmed with recent tragedy that I would feel the need of making a dramatic ballet. But tomorrow? I might wish to do an abstract ballet. That is my right. I could not do it in Russia. I can do it in Israel. What triggers my interest—that is my guide from now on.

"I do know that for a long time I've wanted to do a ballet of *Camille*, a *pas de deux* perhaps, maybe using the last *entr'acte* of Verdi's *Traviata*. My inspiration? Garbo!" Panov was also inspired by Laurence Olivier's *Sister Carrie* because it is about "becoming human beings." And from his deep and ever-present Russian soul comes the need to do a ballet rooted in Dostoevski's *The Idiot*.

But why can Valery Panov not take his dancing, his choreographic ideas to an already established company? He even notes that the Royal Ballet and Balanchine's New York City Ballet have "the same heritage." He leans forward and Galina places a hand on his shoulder. "But they are enormous companies," he says. "They have strong identities. But I have just now been allowed to experience and express my own identity." He stood up, looked out the window over the vast expanses of a park and seemed, for an instant, to be almost alone when he said, "So you will understand me, won't you, when I say that for now I want to sing my own songs." □

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BOOKS

The Limits of Abstraction

The American Intellectual Elite
by Charles Kadushin
Little, Brown, 395 pp., $8.95

Reviewed by Steven Kelman

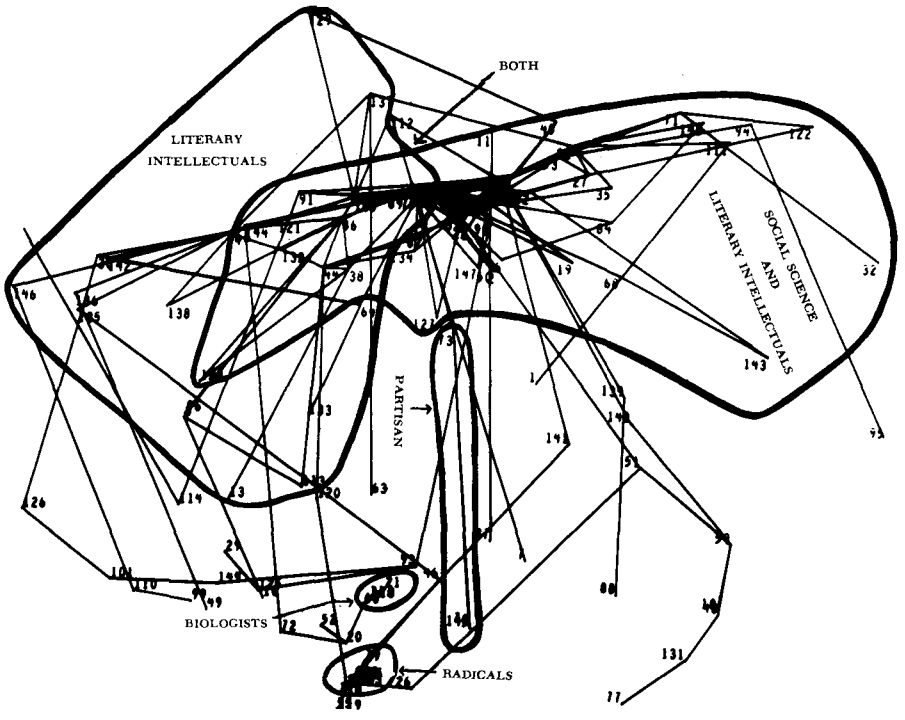
A friend of mine from undergraduate days who works for a law firm recently told me how surprised he was to learn that some of the firm's senior partners had never heard, as he put it, "of Walter Scheel or of *Commentary*." It isn't because they aren't intelligent and sharp, he said, not at all. "It's just that they're not intellectuals." He meant, in other words, that their profession was the law, not the cultivation of ideas.

To be an intellectual is, first of all, to be a person who has a fascination, at bottom as unfathomable as any other fascination, with making sense of the confused mosaic of life and of human institutions, of accumulating fact and experience, and of concocting them into theory and explanation. If, as we learn from books like Richard Hoggart's *The Uses of Literacy*, the essence of the working-class subculture is the practical, then we can say that the essence of the intellectual subculture is its opposite, the abstract. Intellectuals are impelled to accumulate knowledge and to test theories in verbal or written confrontation with other intellectuals.

The approach toward intellectuals in most sociological writing on the subject includes the proposition that intellectuals are members of a profession, the intellectual profession. This is of course true, but one should keep in mind that intellectuals are people with a way of life who then go in search of a way to make a living. People in the medical and legal professions are defined by their jobs—doctors and lawyers. It would sound strange to say that someone is a doctor, yet he makes his living, not by practicing medicine, but by laying bricks. The response to such a statement would most likely be, "Then he's not a doctor." Intellectuals, on the other hand, are people who have certain ways of looking at things and then, to keep the family fed, go out and work as journalists, professors, or whatever.

The shape of intellectual life in America and the place of elite intellectuals in the resolution of social problems are the subjects of a recent study conducted by Charles Kadushin, a sociology professor at Columbia's Teachers College. Employing the methods of survey research, Kadushin and his colleagues at the Columbia Bureau of Applied Social Research selected a sample of elite intellectuals, of whom they succeeded in interviewing 110. (The identities of those interviewed are kept secret for reasons of privacy. However, Kadushin writes, a great many of them appear on the list of the "70 most prestigious contemporary intellectuals," which was compiled by asking the survey sample whom they thought to be the most prestigious intellectuals. The top 10 in this pantheon, in alphabetical order, are Daniel Bell, Noam Chomsky, John Kenneth Galbraith, Irving Howe, Dwight Macdonald, Mary McCarthy, Norman Mailer, Robert Silvers, Susan Sontag, Lionel Trilling, and the late Edmund Wilson.) Kadushin's sample of 110 were also asked what intellectuals they associated with, what they considered the most important problems facing American society and what ought to be done about them, as well as a number of detailed questions about the Cold War and the war in Vietnam. The results of these interviews, presented both in discursive and tabular forms, provide the meat of *The American Intellectual Elite*.

It is ironic that the survey method of research has been used to ferret out the views of the elite intellectuals, for those views are, literally, like the pages of an open book. (Survey research on members of the intellectual professions, such as college teaching and journalism, has the potential for being more revealing, because these groups are much larger than the band of elite intellectuals. There are, for example, some 400,000 teachers at four-year colleges in the United States. It would be interesting to know to what extent the intellectual "masses" follow the leaders.)



Computer-drawn Sociogram of American Intellectual Circles.

Kadushin, however, apparently believes that he has come up with a large number of unexpected, surprising conclusions in the book. In particular, Kadushin's quantification shows that

Steven Kelman, a graduate student in government at Harvard, is the author of Push Comes to Shove *and* Behind the Berlin Wall.

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most elite intellectuals opposed the Vietnam war for what he calls (I would quarrel with his definitions, but that is another matter) "pragmatic" rather than "ideological" or "moral" reasons, that most were hostile to the New Left, and that many saw the counterculture of the late Sixties as a major problem facing the United States. Furthermore, Kadushin finds that the ferment of the Sixties did not succeed in "radicalizing" many elite intellectuals or in dethroning an older set of elite intellectuals and replacing them with a new, radical group.

But these results are not so surprising. Certainly, the surprise that Kadushin sees here would disappear if he were to divulge the names of the 110 intellectuals interviewed. On the sample's list of the 70 most prestigious intellectuals, about one-fifth can immediately be identified as sympathizers with the radicalism of the Sixties; similarly, about one-fifth of Kadushin's sample emerges, after long batteries of interview questions, as having political views in sympathy with the New Left. That the elite intellectuals form a left-liberal rather than a New Left–radical group may be somewhat of a surprise, but it could no doubt have been determined, without long interviews, by looking at the identities of those in the sample.

WHAT IS CLEAR, as implied in the chapter entitled "American Intellectuals and the Cold War," is that the dominant, formative experience for most of today's elite intellectuals took place between the late Thirties and the Fifties. The cumulative "lesson" of that period encouraged the emergence of the liberal-left, non- or anti-Communist outlook, which is dominant among the elite intellectuals. It should not be surprising to a sociologist that Vietnam didn't fundamentally change this. The ideas gained during politically formative years tend, research shows, to stay with most people for life, and intellectuals, who have an investment in an ideological baggage, are probably less likely to reverse their outlooks than others would be. At the same time, Kadushin's approach, which samples current elite intellectuals, does not help us to get at a question that could indeed be pursued fruitfully by quantitative social research: the attitudes of those who will most likely be the *next* generation of elite intellectuals, such as recent graduates of academically prestigious colleges or young subscribers to intellectual publications. For them, Vietnam may have been the formative experience, and its effects may last for an entire generation.

The quantitative approach of *The American Intellectual Elite* has, however, produced some interesting results. The book contains a useful chapter on how elite intellectuals changed their minds on Vietnam. Most did so by 1965, and the change was influenced more profoundly by talking with other intellectuals than by reading. Those who most affected the opinions of elite intellectuals were primarily Vietnam experts rather than general intellectuals or polemicists. (The five most influential were, in order, Bernard Fall, David Halberstam, Robert Shaplen, Theodore Draper, and Mary McCarthy. Noam Chomsky was tied for twelfth place. But, when the subjects were asked to state, not who had influenced them personally, but who had influenced the intellectual community in general, Chomsky came out in first place. The New Leftists were perceived as being more influential than they in fact were.) While information of this sort is far from worthless, one still wonders whether it justifies such a massive interviewing effort.

Some writers define intellectuals as people with expert or technical knowledge. By this definition, intellectuals become more important in advanced societies as demand for expertise increases. This is not the definition Kadushin uses. If we see intellectuals mainly as thinkers and conceptualizers, is there any reason to believe that their importance should increase in a modern society? Probably yes, first, because the spread of education means there will be a larger audience for intellectual ideas. Second, as Kadushin points out, intellectuals are not solely concerned with knowledge and wisdom for their own sake. Rather, their intelligence is directed toward the analysis, if not the solution, of problems of values, politics, aesthetics, and the human condition generally. Now, it takes a very unusual person indeed to make sure analyses without the hope that he may in some way affect actual practice in the "real" world. . . .

And, one might add, as the role of the government increases in modern society, so, too, does the potential importance of intellectuals who come up with plans for governments.

BUT KADUSHIN is careful to point out the limits to the ability of intellectuals to influence directly those in power. Some 40 percent of his sample of elite intellectuals said they had no contacts, even sporadic, with "men in power." And only 7 of the 70 prestigious intellectuals were mentioned with any frequency when samples of *other* elite groups were asked to name individuals who they felt had something important to say about American society. Kadushin quotes from an account by Norman Podhoretz of his invitation to Washington to meet with a "very high member of the Kennedy administration, who wanted to know my 'ideas' (that was the word he used) about the situation in Harlem." Podhoretz continues:

> I had, as it happened, a great many of what I would have called "ideas"—and interesting ones as I thought—on this subject, but I noticed while expounding them over a very good lunch that the great man was growing restless and bored. This puzzled me, for I thought I was speaking well. Faltering a bit in response to his impatience, I asked him whether he disagreed with what I was saying. "No, no," he answered, "what you're saying is all very well, but what should we *do* about it?"
>
> *Do*? I was not accustomed to thinking in such terms; I was accustomed to making

THE VEDANTA PHILOSOPHY, including Shankara's "Ode to the South-facing Form" in translation.

The Glorious Presence

by ERNEST WOOD

■ Professor Wood, lucid as always, interprets and comments on "a philosophy of living that is simplicity itself"—that of Shankaracharya, founder of the Vedanta system of philosophy. Further, Wood compares Vedanta with philosophies of the West, from the Ancient Greeks to R. W. Emerson's. Paperbound, $2.75.

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critical analyses whose point was to understand a problem as fully as possible, not to affect or manipulate it.

This is the classic problem of the organizational conflict between staff and line. The staff berates the line for being preoccupied with what's in front of their noses and not thinking long-term. The line berates the staff for being ignorant of the way people function at levels below the top of an organization (or of a society), and for dreaming up abstract plans that cannot be implemented. The type of knowledge that the intellectual tends to acquire and the abstracting mode of thinking that is his hallmark are as often as not inappropriate to the tasks of developing specific public policies, not to speak of the organizations that are to carry them out.

There is a second problem with the abstracting mode of thinking. Abstracting promotes the construction of intellectualized utopias; these in turn foster parochialism and intolerance. Kadushin quotes one of the intellectuals he interviewed on the subject of the relations of intellectuals to power:

> As a rule, I have a profound distrust of intellectuals because I think historically they have had a fascination for the authoritarian and the grotesque ideologies and mythologies that tend to subvert Western civilization.

In short, I want to believe that intellectuals have something special to contribute to the improvement of our society. I want to believe that the fascination with explaining life and institutions, with concocting and debating theories, has a value beyond the value for its own sake, which every pleasurable endeavor has. And, indeed, I believe this to be the case. But at the same time, it is important, crucially important, to recognize the severe limits to the contributions of this nature that intellectuals can make. □

ANSWER TO MIDDLETON DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 56

HOWARD FAST:
CITIZEN TOM PAINE

He had no delusions; what he wrote might never be read by more than a dozen persons, but it was all he could do and what he had to do. Men don't make new worlds in an afternoon; brick has to be placed on brick, and the process is long and incredibly painful.

Tennessee Now and Then

Eight Mortal Ladies Possessed
by Tennessee Williams
New Directions, 112 pp., $6.00

Reviewed by Ned Rorem

By an early age most artists have stored up enough "life" to draw upon forever. Even the greatest have a finite number of themes, which they vary throughout their careers. The variation is refinement, re-experienced experience, echo. Art manipulates echo by refashioning (or personalizing) works by another, or by oneself at another time. Still, there is a golden echo and a leaden echo, as one poet sang years ago and as Tennessee Williams demonstrates today.

His style has always been personal despite the proximity of excellent friends —"southern" and otherwise. Yes, he does show a dash of the meanness, whimsy, blasé anger, and pussycat anxiety of McCullers, Capote, Vidal, and Jane and Paul Bowles. He, too, blends sexuality with horror. But he seems to have more fun than the others, and certainly more ease with words.

His content, too, is his own—or, to situate through analogy, a mix of Jean Genet with Isaac Singer. Though Williams is as goyish as Singer is Yiddish, both share an affection for (indeed, extract their identity from) what lies directly underhand, even when that is neither a bagel nor a bourbon but a dybbuk's sigh or a Martian spacecraft. They render the fantastic usual and the usual fantastic. Though Williams is as American as Genet is French, both are drawn to the glamour of injustice, and both call forth a similar *dramatis personae*: tough guys, mad queens, policemen, angels.

By 1965, Tennessee Williams's major themes had been nourishing each other for 20 years. Big and little tales and plays ricocheted off each other, igniting always apparently novel combinations of energy, as a kaleidoscope confects endless patterns from a limited number of colors. It comes as no surprise, then, that the six tales in Williams's brief new book —his first collection in eight years— should prove to be reconsiderations of their writer's younger triumphs. But the ricochet has boomeranged, self-nourishment is now self-cannibalism, the echo lacks resonance and falls like lead. The eight mortal ladies possessed are caricatures, all more or less unpleasant, of Tennessee's gold stars.

The first and best of the vignettes, "Happy August the Tenth," describes simply the cohabitation of two modern bourgeois women whose rapport is equivocal (do they or don't they?), who call each other by last names (Horne and Elphinstone), and who quarrel and perhaps don't make up. It rings almost as true as its precursor, the short, sad play called *Something Unspoken*, about a pair of old-fashioned aristocratic females who quarrel and do make up. Here, too, is a writer willing to belittle the very psychoanalysis that in "real life" he has publicly declared to be a tormenting salvation. And we learn a new word: *lallocropia*, defined by Elphinstone as the psychiatric term for a compulsion to use shocking language.

"The Inventory at Fontana Bella" turns out to be an unfunny sequel to the never very funny *Milk Train*. Disagreeable Mrs. Goforth is revived as a centenarian *principessa* with all the dignity of a Mr. Magoo in Antonioniville. There is nothing literally wrong in depicting a stupid, greedy, senile bitch who dreams of "the ecstasy of penetration." Yet this one, herself representative of nothing, is garbed in sophomoric symbolism ("All good morticians have telephone numbers consisting of nothing but zero, zero, ad infinitum"). Her foul-mouthing, once grandly obscene, has grown trivially vulgar, her inventor himself not being immune to *lallocropia*.

"Miss Coynte of Greene" floats to us through the extinguished embers of *Summer and Smoke*. In the earlier work, the radical about-face of Alma (like that of Thaïs or of Sadie Thompson) is counterpointed with a reverse action by the hero, and the moral is that there is no moral: bad turns good while good turns bad. Now, Miss Coynte's "emancipation" evolves from nothing and so contrasts with nothing—with the moral that nymphomania, in itself, leads to fulfillment and thence to blissful death. Years ago, because his dialogue was spoken from a stage, the author got away with lines such

Composer Ned Rorem is author of several books, including his autobiographical The Final Diary, *to be published in October by Holt, Rinehart and Winston.*

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as "The sky looks like a great white bone"; today, on the page without benefit of vocal timbre, the corn is less sweet: "From birth we go so easily to death, it is really no problem unless we make it one for us."

The heroine of "Sabbatha and Solitude" takes after the actress of the *Sweet Bird of Youth*. While the horny, drunken tantrums of Princess Kosmonopolis were credible because she wasn't meant to be a "thinker" but a fallen star, it's hard to swallow the horny, drunken tantrums of Miss Veyne Duff-Collick, world-renowned contriver of such sonnet sequences as Isadora Duncan dancing Marianne Moore. Not bad as farce, which alas this is not.

Better is the fifth story, "Completed," which starts: "Although Miss Rosemary McCool was approaching the age of 20 she had yet to experience her first menstruation." Williams can still exhume unusual youth-age conditions that are so lively with excruciation that we blush. Yet the pity of *The Glass Menagerie* has gone up in cold smoke.

The last and least of the stories, composed in 1944 (predating the others by some 29 years), is a mood piece entitled "The Red Part of a Flag or Oriflamme." It deals vaguely with a girl who—she, too—protests her coming of age through fantasy, and who, on buying a red silk dress, which she *dares* to don in daylight, provokes in her creator such outpourings as: "It flashed, it flashed. It billowed against her fingers. Her body surged forward. A capital ship with cannon. Boom. On the far horizon. Boom. White smoke is holy. Nobody understands it. It goes on, on, without the world's. . . ." Why go on? The story resembles Williams's verse, which is honest (that is, not prose, not doggerel), but diluted, harmless. Strong poetry hurts. This poetistic patter doesn't graze a hair.

Clearly the author does believe in these stories both as art and as message, and possibly as a "breakthrough" in style. His belief is his privilege—nor dare one find fault with new language. But this is not new language, or even new grammar —merely new accents that inelegantly blur the line between grandiloquence and satire.

SOME ARTISTS DEVELOP and change, if not necessarily in quality, at least in scope; Beethoven and Picasso, for instance, had "periods." Others emerge full-blown from Zeus' head; they don't advance, but neither do they regress: Henry James and Ravel were as proficient at the beginning as at the end of their lives. Still others bloom with late models: had Elliott Carter, say, or Erick Hawkins died 20 years ago, they might be unknown today, their singularity having lain dormant until middle years.

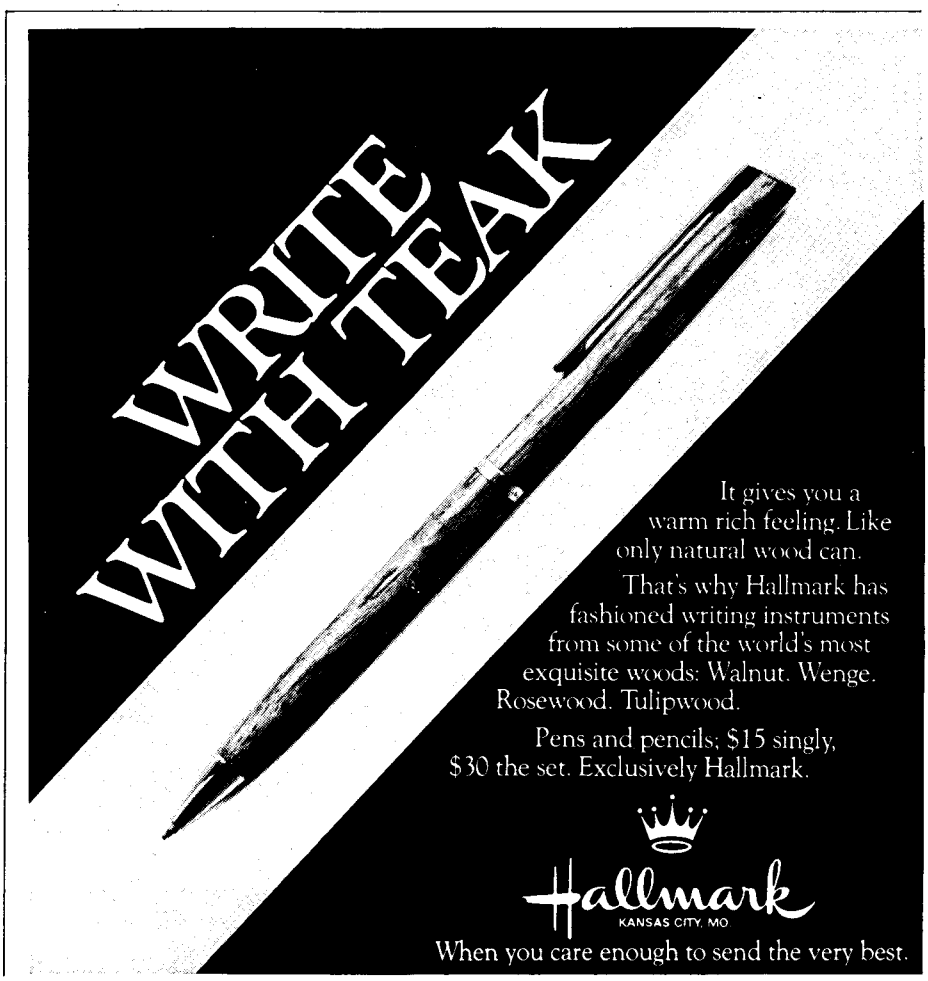
Another breed of artist burns himself out alive, lives on as a shell; yet who can say? Rimbaud renounced it all, but had he survived another decade, could he have slipped back into genius? Would the very denial of his art today be named genius? If a composer like Samuel Barber or a painter like Larry Rivers seems spent, wait! He can re-explode tomorrow. Solon was surely not the first to point out, 2,500 years ago, that no man can be called washed up until he dies. The quiescent Verdi composed a masterpiece at 80, the very age at which Strauss made a glittering comeback. And how about Monet? Or Ruby Keeler?

Nonetheless, American playwrights, big and little, fall without repeal into that pigeonhole of the prematurely sterile. None—not Miller or Inge or Albee, not Hellman or Laurents or Anderson—have in the past years came up with anything worthy of their younger efforts. Tennessee Williams is no exception. His plays produced since 1960 are similar but inferior to those produced before.

American theater has little to do with mature philosophic analysis and much to do with the pure energy one finds in animals and children. When our dramatists try "think pieces," they give us either artifacts like *Tiny Alice* or propaganda like *The Crucible*. Thus, a mature vitality has not yet been directed toward our theater.

Of all the exhausted dramatists in America still at the game, Tennessee is the only one with a trump card: his ability to write straight fiction. The new stories are so fragile that when absorbed into their creator's oeuvre they won't disturb the surface, nor will they pollute the depths, as do the later plays. They scarcely smell of those gas leaks of compromise that seep into even his best drama and permeate the worst, like that recent corny Saroyanesque foray called *Small Craft Warnings*. (His titles do remain wonderful.)

In a notorious essay, 27 years ago, Mary McCarthy "accused" Tennessee Williams of being a success. To succeed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meant to sell out by studding one's work with enough variety of appeal for the whole family. Shakespeare, too, was guilty of such variety. McCarthy was right; her own career has since proved that success need not be a dirty word, for, like Williams, she has stood the test of time.

Still, no short-story writer can live off his stories; he must supplement his income with professorships, film scenarios, talk shows. Exceptionally, Tennessee need no longer resort to these outlets. As another Williams was a poet who lived as a doctor, so Tennessee Williams is a storyteller who lives as a dramatist; his late plays are leaden, but surely the early ones bring in enough silver to permit him to focus more on the mining of his fiction talent and to bring up the gold that will balance the scales. □

New Books

Fact & Comment

by Malcolm S. Forbes
Knopf, 295 pp., $7.95

When Zsa Zsa Gabor's cosmetics firm went bust a few years ago, *Forbes* magazine noted dryly, "Miss Gabor once described her expensive cosmetics line as using 'some old family secrets' from Hungary. The formula must obviously involve large quantities of that prevalent chemical formula—abbreviated as B.S."

Zingers like this one abound, as business insiders know, in "Fact and Comment," the up-front section of *Forbes* where editor-president Malcolm S. Forbes notes down his feisty reactions to the passing scene. (Yes, he's the same Forbes who flies balloons cross-country.)

In this entertaining selection from a quarter-century of "Fact and Comment," Forbes is at his freewheeling, high-hearted, Republican best. His likes and dislikes are massive: George Romney is "Gorgeous George . . . the white-topped Rambler." Eugene McCarthy is "the pied poet . . . a sour soul soothed only by an outsized ego." And Congressman Wilbur Mills is "the greatest . . . the best thing that's happened to Capitol Hill since Robert Taft."

Forbes is *for* gun curbs, Earth Day, Dylan Thomas, reading the footnotes in corporate reports, Britain's Prince Philip, and a big U.S. troop pullout in Europe. He is *against* weight-loss diets, the SST, the four-day week (they tried it at *Forbes* and it bombed), people who mumble "y'know" and "I mean," the U.S. trade imbalance, and Watergate ("the rights of a free people . . . got ripped off").

And so it goes, minor but arresting items alternating with deep-reaching comments on business and world affairs. Throughout, Forbes is terse, lively, and true to the ideal of thinking like the philosophers while talking like the common man.

Unfortunately, Forbes's penchant for the vernacular sometimes verges on ickiness—language becomes "lingo," money is "dough" and "bucks," and people "stir their stumps" and "take look-sees."

But such trifles aside, both businessman and general reader will find *Fact & Comment* a highly diverting account of one free spirit's reactions to a quarter-century of great and small happenings.

HALLOWELL BOWSER

•

My Petition for More Space

by John Hersey
Knopf, 182 pp., $5.95

Since well before dawn Sam Poynter has been waiting, just waiting, in a jam-packed line that stretches four abreast for three-quarters of a mile. And for the duration of John Hersey's latest, futuristic novel, Sam inches along an overcrowded New Haven street toward a Kafkaesque government office building where, if he ever gets there, he will put in his petition for more living space.

It is an outrageous petition for anyone to file in this not-too-distant future, when maximum living space for a single person is eight feet by twelve, when "every square inch of concrete and asphalt is taken up" at rush hour. By his very presence on the line, Sam is cutting down on the chances of the others—people who want to change jobs, have a child, buy cigars, get more food—to gain permission for their basic requests.

Combining an Orwellian vision and the absurdist techniques of Beckett, Hersey has vividly portrayed the horrors of overpopulation and the deathly fear, hostility, and terror that rage through those who must mutely wait. In Orwell's *Nineteen Eighty-Four* Winston Smith fights for the right to have a personality. Similarly, Hersey's Sam Poynter is fighting for the right to have more space. And the reader soon realizes that like the characters of Beckett, who wait for someone (like Godot) who does not come, Hersey's characters wait to present a petition that will not be granted. It is a novel in which, essentially, nothing happens. Yet its mounting tension sustains the action of the novel and compels you to keep turning the pages.

This portrait of human uncertainty, of empty, anguished waiting, is ultimately ambiguous. While it is obviously pessimistic about the inevitability of overcrowding, frustration, and the indefinite postponement of gratification, it is also informed by a certain obstinate hope. Hersey's is a vision that belongs, dreadfully, to our time; its greatest power is, simply, that it is unbearably close to being true.

SUSAN HEATH

•

Kiss Hollywood Good-by

by Anita Loos
Viking, 213 pp., $8.95

Anita Loos was never at a loss for words during the 18 years she turned out comedies and "unadulterated soap operas" for M.G.M., in the days when M.G.M. released a movie a week—and every one a success. The tiny brunette creator of *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes* was M.G.M.'s top dialogue writer. She concocted zany new plots and beefed up old pallid ones, by injecting into them her own refreshing impudence.

Kiss Hollywood Good-by is Miss Loos's rosy reminiscence of Hollywood when movies were learning to talk. This rather self-effacing "unschooled little American" balances spontaneity and naiveté with a penetrating insight into the follies of romantic pursuit. Her hilarious recollections bare the souls of movie magnates and their paramours, and the "maverick" writers and intellectuals with whom Miss Loos cavorted. There is an antic slant on everything and a ribbing for everyone—Irving Thalberg, Tallulah Bankhead, Jean Harlow, Clark Gable—but her juiciest target is, not surprisingly, her late husband and occasional collaborator, director John Emerson, a man given to flirtations, hysterical ailments, and bravado. He kept his fingers on "Nita's" purse strings, while she, in return, carried "a smouldering torch" for him. Their collaboration was in most respects like that of Colette and her husband, Willi. And no one knew that better than Miss Loos, who grasped the pathos of the situation but could appreciate its comic side as well: "I am reminded of a vaudeville act in which a pompous comedian used to play the William Tell Overture on a xylophone unaware that, behind him, Gypsy Rose Lee was doing

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a striptease. As audiences went wild acclaiming Gypsy, the stupid old xylophonist kept taking bows." Such is the entertainment served up in this punchy, enormously readable memoir, which does justice to an era whose measure America has still not fully taken. S.H.

•

United Nations Journal: A Delegate's Odyssey

by William F. Buckley, Jr.
Putnam, 280 pp., $7.95

In 1973, William F. Buckley, Jr., served as a U.S. delegate to the 28th General Assembly of the United Nations, where he represented the United States on the Third Committee, which deals with questions of human rights. *United Nations Journal* examines the sorts of things that Mr. Buckley came to conclude regularly go on at the United Nations. Among other things, he notes that the past several years have seen an "erosion" of American influence in the United Nations and cites, as the probable cause, our official policy of bearing with passivity and all but the mildest demurrals the strutting hypocrisies indulged in by representatives of Communist countries, and our intensifying reluctance, regardless of the provocation, to ruffle the feathers of those whom Americans used to recognize as their enemies. Throughout, Mr. Buckley stresses that through its absorption in diplomatic grandstanding and maneuvering, the General Assembly has vitiated its effectiveness as an agency that might promulgate the professed ideals of the United Nations itself.

Although *United Nations Journal* tends at times to resemble too closely an informal diary not intended for eventual publication, it is for the most part executed with considerable cogency, grace, and wit. Mr. Buckley's point—that the "sovietization of American life" is an evil to be guarded against, and that the United States undermines both itself and the United Nations when it permits slanders against America and lies about the realities of life in totalitarian countries to go unchallenged—is well made and well taken. In an elegant and civilized way, *United Nations Journal* expresses the high value its author attaches to the concept of human rights and his outrage that so great a percentage of the world's population is in no position to exercise them. Whether or not one comes, eventually, to agree with either its formulations or its conclusions, *United Nations Journal* raises hard and serious questions that deserve the most thoughtful scrutiny and consideration. JANE LARKIN CRAIN

•

A Small Personal Voice

by Doris Lessing
Knopf, 192 pp., $6.95

Doris Lessing is probably best known for *The Golden Notebook*, an autobiographical novel published in 1962 and subsequently picked up and sanctified by members and fellow travelers of the women's liberation movement. *A Small Personal Voice* (the title is taken from an essay she first published in 1957) is a collection of her essays and book reviews, and of interviews she has given—all of which have appeared previously in various journals and books.

Mrs. Lessing is a stalwart of the Old Left, and the pieces in this collection (which include speculations and pronouncements on matters literary, political, and sociological) reflect to one degree or another the kind of querulousness that overcomes the utopian mentality when it turns its gaze on things as they are. Then, too, Mrs. Lessing's most encompassing concern is with Mrs. Lessing; this lends to her perspectives and assumptions a quirkiness, or privacy, that gives her writing a rather distorted focus, making the terms in which she couches her discussions largely idiosyncratic. Still, there are things Mrs. Lessing does rather well: there is a very good portrait of her father in this collection; when she is not launched on sophomoric political fussings and fumings, much of what she has to say about South Africa (where she grew up) is engaging and finely drawn; and certain of her theorizing about the novel form are thought-provoking.

In his introduction to *A Small Personal Voice*, Paul Schlueter explains that this collection has come into being largely in response to those scholars "around the world" who have been requesting materials for work they are doing on Doris Lessing. Such devotees, and others among Mrs. Lessing's popular following, may find in her occasional writings something that will reward the reading and justify the publication of them. The uninitiated, however, are apt to find the whole business obscure and sparse indeed. J.L.C.

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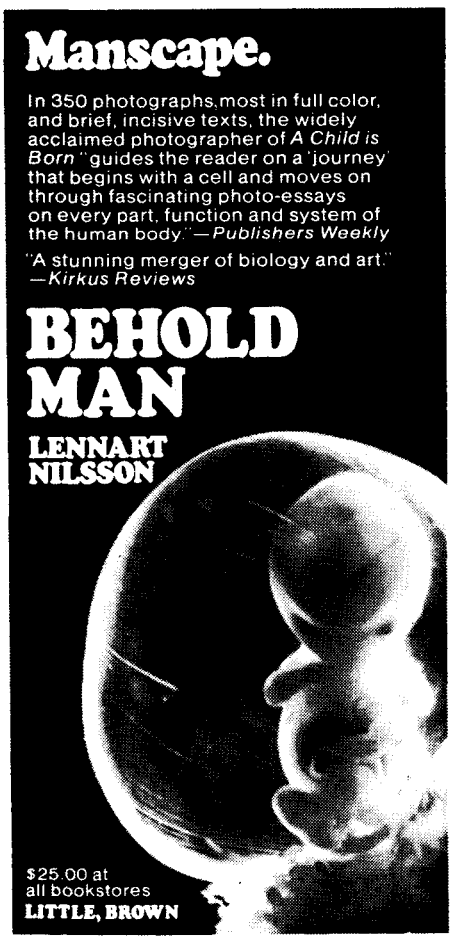
Trade Winds

by William Cole

Poets Are Teachers

If you're a poet in America, the chances are 9 out of 10 that you make your living as a teacher. (The other fellows have private incomes.) Here's Stephen Dunn, who teaches at Syracuse, who's just come up with a rich book, *Looking for Holes in the Ceiling* (U. of Massachusetts Press, $7.00 cloth, $3.50 paper). And here's a poem from it that I've used in one of my anthologies of short poems. It's called "The Rapist":

I am the man crouched behind a bush
sitting at his desk.
I will never be caught. All my victims
have a way of disappearing.
No matter what sex you are,
you will be next.
You will sit next to me
at a concert performed in the woods.
If I looked at you in the subway
you would not shift your eyes.
I am small, deceptive
like this poem
that is already inside you.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LITTLE, BROWN

When Ping-Pong Becomes Table Tennis

When you get into the higher reaches of the game, it ceases to be Ping-Pong and becomes table tennis. Now here's the first autobiography in the field, *The Money Player*, by Marty Reisman (Morrow, September 25, $6.95). He's a flamboyant fellow who holds 17 major championships. He also runs a table-tennis academy on upper Broadway, where I bat a ball around occasionally. But he could spot me 20 points and win easily, for I'm what he calls, alas, an "average basement player." It seems that only in America is the game sniffed at. Everywhere else the champs are ticker-tape-parade material and make a lot of money —"without profit in your own country," one might say. So Reisman has scrambled along on gambling, betting, giving exhibitions, and smuggling as he traveled around the world with his bat, or racket. Here's something to remember the next time you're in that basement in a tight spot:

I felt the match was getting away from me. I was losing control. A superior player can blow a match because he becomes bullied and victimized by the score. He may allow the score to dictate the kind of game he plays and this is almost always a mistake, a mistake that results in defeat. The player who lets the score bully him either becomes too cautious or too desperate. Caution leads to "getting the apple," a phrase that means a player is choking and is unable to bring his winning shots into play. Desperation causes a loss of judgment, as the player strains to end a point prematurely.

Problem Solved

For years I've had this problem: I couldn't tell Elia Kazan from Garson Kanin. Alfred Kazin I know about, but Kazan/Kanin? They're both Hollywood and Broadway; they're both novelists and directors. Ah! But now I've got it, having just read *Hollywood*, by Kanin (Viking, September 23, $8.95). He's the author of *Born Yesterday* and the novel *Do Re Mi* and the memoir of Tracy and Hepburn. Kazan is the *On the Waterfront* man who writes fat, bestselling novels. *Hollywood* is a perfectly okay but not gripping memoir whose principals are Sam Goldwyn, Harry Cohn, John Barrymore, Carole Lombard, Charles Laughton, and, of course, Garson Kanin. No nasty gossip, and the Barrymore and Lombard stuff is fun. Here's a typical Hollywood story, about RKO head Pandro Berman:

"Pan," I said, "there's a book you must read. I don't consider myself a literary expert, but I'm willing to say that it is, without question, the greatest American novel I've ever read. I'm sure it will live forever."

"Send it to me," said Berman.

"I can't," I said. "I've loaned my copy to a friend."

"All right then," said Pan. "Write down the title and I'll get it." I did so. He glanced at it. "Oh," he said. *"The Grapes of Wrath*, Steinbeck. Sure, I've heard about that. I hear it's great." He crumpled the piece of paper I had given him and dropped it into an ashtray.

"Aren't you going to get it?" I asked.

"No," he replied, sadly. "And damn it, I wanted to *read* that book. From what I hear it's the kind of book I'd go for, so I *wanted* to read it and then—damn it—Twentieth *bought* it!"

Editor

Hiram Haydn died six months after finishing his autobiography, *Words & Faces* (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, October 9, $8.95). He'd been a top editor with many book publishers and was noted for his support of young writers. Anyone in the publishing world will be fascinated by his stories of patriarchs, despots, prima donnas, business partners, critics, and authors. I like it when John Fowles, asked on a questionnaire why he writes novels, answers that they're "poor substitutes for poetry." And Haydn writes of that charmer, Ayn Rand, ". . . she really was a cracked pot, though of a noble sort," and says: "To gather with her New York adherents, which I did several times, is a disquieting experience. I have rarely seen so many unattractive malcontents in one place at one time." And about her pugnacity:

Those arguments! One might make a casual pronouncement about the direction the weather would take. One might express an opinion about another writer. One might toss out a preference for the color red, for vodka Martinis, for a particular make of automobile. What were your premises? And in every argument . . . she emerged victorious, whether because her companion-opponent finally capitulated, or because he lost by default through exhaustion.

No matter with whom, or about what. First driving him to defensiveness with that all-impaling question, then catching every single point that admitted of any inconsistency, however marginal, and pressing on with more questions, at last to recapitulate and demonstrate the failure of the other's argument to "hang together." □

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While the cost of just about everything has risen dramatically in recent years, the cost of doing things by computer has been a noteworthy exception.

Although computers have become increasingly useful as their speed and capacity have multiplied, their cost per operation has declined sharply since the first commercial computer was installed less than 25 years ago.

For example, in 1952 it cost $1.26 to do 100,000 multiplications on an IBM computer. Six years later, the cost had dropped to 26 cents. By 1964, those same 100,000 multiplications could be executed for 12 cents—and by 1970, for 5 cents. Today, they can be done for a penny.

All this against the current of inflation that has seen an 80% rise in the government's Consumer Price Index over the past twenty years.

This astonishing reduction in a computer's per-function cost has led to important savings in the overall cost of doing a given data processing task. It has been brought about by technological advances such as the miniaturization of computer circuitry. Such advances have made possible vast increases in computation speed—from about 2,000 multiplications a second on an IBM computer in 1952 to more than 2,000,000 a second today.

These improvements have resulted from constant pioneering by hundreds of companies in the data processing industry, pioneering that continues today. Over the years, IBM has invested more than $6 of every $100 of gross income in research and development.

Lowered computation costs make it practical to use computers in an ever-widening range of applications—resulting in such benefits as faster handling of airlines reservations, better use of resources in manufacturing, and the saving of human lives through swift medical diagnosis.

Further reductions could bring about still greater benefits—benefits that will be seriously needed. Should the world's population increase by some 800 million people by 1985 as expected, there will be unprecedented demands for food, shelter, clothing, medicine, transportation and other necessities of life. The computer can greatly aid productivity in each of these areas.

In the future, as in the past, the lower the cost of computing, the more significant the computer's contributions to society can be.

IBM

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Books

Hail to the "Word King"

by Israel Shenker

Eric Partridge's first collection of essays was entitled *Words, Words, Words.*

How could it have been anything else? For more years than it is comfortable to remember or seemly to forget, he has served his Queen's English and its cousins abroad as dauntless guardian of the majestic and occasionally frolicsome English tongue. In dictionaries massive, glossaries exhaustive, articles frothy, reviews engaging, he has put words in their place, communicating delight in well-ordered vocabularies and impatience with collections of letters artlessly posing as words.

Partridge has just turned 80, and —as was said of him almost 60 years ago—Partridge is always game. Edmund Wilson, who also knew a thing or two about words, hailed Partridge as "the word king," and others acknowledged his primacy by calling him "the dictionary man" or "the word man."

Although he took Wilson's tribute in good spirit, the other titles wearied him —almost beyond words. "Clichés," he called them.

A Dictionary of Clichés is one of his standard works. "Useful and almost readable," he called it, and spoke of "that excellent blood sport: cliché-hunting." (At this point in time, the cliché that displeases him most is "in this day and age.")

He is offended when confused with a computer or a lexicographers' cartel. "[I am] none of those soulless or diabolical things," he said, insisting that he preferred to do his own work and to make his own mistakes.

In 1950 Partridge became the first scholar to write a historical and comprehensive dictionary of the underworld. In *Shakespeare's Bawdy* he was the first scholar to treat the vast underbelly of Shakespeare's language sympathetically and—as he put it—"sensibly," indeed to treat it as an integral, self-contained subject.

Israel Shenker is a reporter for The New York Times *and the author of* Words and Their Masters *(Doubleday).*

A Dictionary of Slang and Unconventional English, now in its seventh edition, put slang on the linguistic map and helped make its study respectable. Partridge followed this debut with *The Dictionary of Historical Slang, A Smaller Slang Dictionary* ("aseptic," he called it), and *Slang Today & Yesterday.*

OPTING TO MAKE his position self-effacingly plain by using the third person, Partridge said: "He's done a lot to rid common speech—and, come to that, 'the four-letter words' —of the stigma of being unspeakable and, especially, unwritable. As distinct from those who, eager to urge others in the fight for verbal freedom, are too cowardly or too cautious to take a risk themselves, he has—'to coin a phrase'—suffered in the cause. In 1928 he was prosecuted for printing a novel that contained *Christ!* as an oath and *bugger* as a mere synonym for *chap* or *fellow.*"

Partridge was seven years old when he learned to use a dictionary, in his native, rural New Zealand, and he was only eight when he learned how devilish a dictionary could be.

His father and a visiting farmer were arguing about the herds and bees, and Partridge *père* identified one insect as a "humble" bee. "Bumble" bee, insisted the visitor. Secretly the son looked it up and found bumble bee, but no humble bee. Later he consulted a bigger dictionary and discovered that neither disputant was altogether right: humble bee was perhaps earlier, and bumble bee was no less honorable.

THE FAMILY moved to Australia, where wildlife, vocabulary, and syntax differed from New Zealand's, and Partridge —age 13—bought a notebook and entered new words. In the Australian army in World War I he learned more, some printable. Then he went to Oxford and learned to speak, not Standard English, but what he called "one of the Modified Standards"—clear, not dulcet or tony or produced as though the nose had replaced the larynx as vocal organ.

He landed in lexicography footnotes first, with an appendix to his M.A. thesis —listing neologisms committed by English romantic poets. Then John Brophy, a novelist, suggested collaboration on *Songs and Slang of the British Soldier.* One contributor was the soldier who became Field Marshal Lord Wavell.

In the British army, during World War II, Partridge decided to make short work of abbreviations there and compiled an abbreviation guide. Switching to the Royal Air Force, he continued his linguistic campaign and produced *A Dictionary of RAF Slang.* Then, with help from brothers-in-arms, he elaborated *A Dictionary of Forces' Slang, 1939–1945.*

Substantial works in these ranks are known by their initials. O.E.D. is the *Oxford English Dictionary,* earlier called N.E.D.—for *New English Dictionary.* M.E.U. is universally accepted for *Modern English Usage.* Partridge's D.S.U.E. became current for *A Dictionary of Slang and Unconventional English.*

In 1958 Partridge wrote a centenary

Pictorial Parade

Eric Partridge—"Keeps on keeping on."

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celebration of Henry Watson Fowler, author of the classic M.E.U. "There is only one Fowler," Partridge proclaimed, and went on to deal with charges that M.E.U. contains many faults. "Of course it does!" he noted. "Every worthwhile book contains many faults, and every worthwhile writer commits them." He later committed this insight to maximum application: "He who never makes mistakes makes nothing."

WHEN PARTRIDGE WANTED to write *Usage & Abusage* (U.&A.), his publisher argued that it would be suicide to try to compete with M.E.U. But another publisher saw life in the idea, and the book —more popular in approach than Fowler's—came out in the United States in 1942 and in Britain five years later. It has run through six editions and 11 printings.

Partridge puts his books into weight categories, as though each were ready to enter the ring. *Name This Child* was frankly lightweight, and one of the chattier references deals with his own first name, Eric: "Literally it is perhaps 'ever king.' . . . By 'Johns' and 'Toms' and 'Dons,' it is often . . . despised as pretty-pretty." One of the stalwart heavyweights was *Origins: A Short Etymological Dictionary of Modern English*, which he described as "scholarly—readable—refreshing—brilliantly organized."

These outbursts are interspersed with effusions of modesty, such as: "I don't regard myself—please excuse the switch from the impersonal *he* to the egotistic *I*—as an expert at anything; probably rightly, for I'm pretty sure I'm not."

Partridge is not a university professor and does not think of himself as learned. A scholar takes too much for granted; an outsider can see things fresh. He bristles when anyone is called a "gifted amateur" and re-bristles when he comes across those he calls "career boys" in fields academic, literary, artistic, or theatrical.

HE ADMITS to being occasionally at a loss for words: "Like everybody else, yes I am! Can usually find *some* words—that's easy; to find the utterly right word —right for the subject and right for the occasion—is occasionally more difficult, if not (to me, anyway) impossible."

Sometimes it takes little to get him started, for example, the suggestion that he must have some theories about language. "Theories?" he rejoined, and reverted to the third person to tell everything about *that:* "He hasn't any particular theories about language, except the belief, rather than theory, that, in the study of any and every aspect of language, that scholar who forgets that language was created by people, not in a laboratory, and that it lives—or at one time lived—only by and in people, and that its entire *raison d'être* is to communicate, to express and serve a civilization, not to exemplify some grammatical or philological theory, is strangely lacking in a sense of proportion and even in common sense.

"Words are doing fine! By that I mean language is. But then it always *will* be. Words deserving to be retained and conserved and remembered—honored, if you prefer it so—will be; the silly words and phrases, like the pretentious ones, will die—some of 'em die with a commendable celerity. In the main, that is. There are always the apparently inexplicable exceptions of apparent injustice and regrettable luck.

"Expressions that offend me are clichés in general; all slipshoddery; unnecessary neologisms; obscene words and phrases that are dragged in for the sake of obscenity—not those which are integral—entirely natural—to dialogue or other matter."

HE WORKS on his preferences at the British Museum and lives in the far north of London. Winter days are a trial to this commuter, a tall, slim man who drops into what he calls American English to describe himself as "rangy."

Slow to anger, an imperfect demon when roused, Partridge is usually equable and always determined. He is currently tussling with *A Dictionary of Catch Phrases,* British and American, from the sixteenth century to the present day, and his latest New Year's greetings to friends was a printed, four-page progress report on the dictionary, with barely enough room at the end for a scrawled personal message.

When he was asked to suggest a bouquet of phrases appropriate for greeting a gentleman of letters commemorating 80 years of struggle with those letters, he replied: "The only phrase or adage I can think of as being in the least adequate and relevant is the motto of the Salvation Army, 'Keep *on* keeping on.' The unkind might propose 'Evidence of a misspent life.' Anyway, I have, in the main, enjoyed it—and hope to go on doing so for a while. I'm one of those bloody fools who don't know when they're beaten." □

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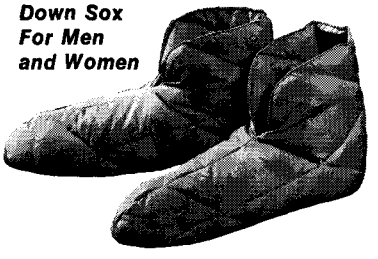

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Top of My Head

by Goodman Ace

Peace Unearthed

President Ford has inherited from his predecessor a magnificent legacy for the beginnings of worldwide peace. Richard Nixon was vigorously applauded after his tour of countries always on the brink of war. He proved himself to be a persuasive hawker of peace as the miracle cure of mankind.

A door-to-door salesman (Knock, Knock):

"Good morning, sir, I represent the United States Peace Company. I have here, in this little package of Peace on Earth, the latest and improved antidote, guaranteed to protect you against the ravages of war, absolutely warranted to guard you from being shot, maimed, burned, or exploded.

"Not only that, but with this amazing package of peace, my company will give you free, gratis, and with no charge, this latest nuclear gadget as a safeguard to keep the peace working for all time.... Oh, thank you, sir. Sign here please."

Peace. All so easily done, by simply making an offer no nation could refuse. Unbelievable? That's what the TV network said 10 years ago when the writers of the Sid Caesar program, with remarkable prescience for gag men, wrote a comedy sketch that paralleled this historic feat, although it didn't concern war and peace.

It had to do with the opening of New York's 1964 World's Fair. With the opening only weeks away, the producers were having difficulty persuading some of the big nations to take exhibition pavilions. So Caesar's writers (Tony Webster, Selma Diamond, Jay Burton, and I) conjured up a comedic situation in which the man in charge of pavilions, in desperation, was trying to entice the small and underprivileged member nations of the U.N. to take pavilions.

The first was Sid Caesar, representative of a country we called Nopal. He came garbed in a long flowing gown of no distinction and barefoot. His wife, played by Edie Adams, similarly accoutred, was with him, as they entered meekly, bowing and salaaming silently.

The Fair man stated his proposition. I quote briefly some excerpts from the dialogue:

"I want to talk to you about taking a pavilion here," he said. "Do you know the World's Fair?"

"Not to me, it hasn't been," said Caesar. "Nopal very small country. People hungry. Last year crop was ruined."

"You had a flood?" asked the man.

"No," replied Caesar, "somebody step on it. We very little country, undernourished, undereducated, under everybody."

"Well, maybe we can be of help. *If* you take a pavilion. What is your country in dire need of?"

Sid and Edie held a whispered conference, and Sid replied, "Our country in dire need of lipstick, petal pink."

"Okay, I'll put you down for 10,000 lipsticks."

Edie whispered to Sid again, and he added, "Also in dire need of shower caps."

"Fine, 10,000 shower caps."

"Also we need water. Nopal river very muddy."

"Sure thing. That's our specialty. We'll build a dam, give you 10 million gallons of fresh water a day."

"Well, with all that water, we need paper cups."

And so it went, each free gift building to another. Until Sid came to the atom bomb.

"The atom bomb! Not a chance, sir. Nyet," said the Fair man.

Edie spoke up: "Oh, we not use atom bomb for war. We only want it to get good seat at U.N. peace table."

The man was unmoved. And Sid set up such a clamor, weeping and lying on the floor in a tantrum, that the man finally relented, promised him the atom bomb.

Sid and Edie bowed and salaamed and exited. As they got to the door they met another underprivileged U.N. member coming in. Sid whispered to him: "Start small with lipstick and shower caps, and you get everything, also the atom bomb."

Eleven years ago that comedy sketch was considered a gag writer's pipe dream. Today it's an idea whose time has come, has acquired some reality, a touch of "nature imitating art," if you can bring yourself to consider gag writing an art form.

Albert Einstein was quoted as having said, "If World War III is fought with nuclear weapons, World War IV will be fought with sticks and stones." Now, thanks to Richard Nixon's peace missions, we have arrived at our last chance to skip World War III entirely and go straight to sticks and stones. It's neater, quicker, and less costly in lives and money. As David once demonstrated to Goliath with a stone and a slingshot.

Nuclear power for peaceful purposes only. President Ford should make that perfectly clear in the accords to be signed. If it is left unclear there will be heard an explosion never heard before. Nor will hereafter.

If you don't know what that explosion will be, just transpose the first two letters in *unclear*. □

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World Environment Newsletter

PREPARED BY PHILIP W. QUIGG FOR THE INTERNATIONAL INSTITUTE FOR ENVIRONMENT AND DEVELOPMENT
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Oil Profits and the Bottom Billion

The World Bank has concluded that, even with the best efforts of the United Nations and other international institutions, the "bottom billion" of the world's people will make no economic gain for the rest of this decade. As a spokesman for the bank put it, "This is an impossible position morally and for the Fourth World"—a term increasingly applied to the poorest nations.

The oil states now have profits of about $70 billion a year, and for perhaps half this amount, no useful purpose can be found locally. The excess is flooding short-term capital markets, where interest rates are high and the hazards of inflation are minimal.

The question on many minds is how this vast capital fund can be drawn into the tasks of development in the poor nations. As one observer has put it, "We can hardly expect the newly rich Arab monarchs and military leaders to perform better than the old rich." Opportunities for secure investments with high interest rates and low risk of inflation are not easily found in countries whose impoverishment has been exacerbated by the oil-producing nations themselves.

Barbara Ward (who became a Dame of the British Empire on the last honors list) believes that the developed nations must help to ensure those conditions which will attract oil profits into long-term investment in developing nations. It is a matter of urgency to create a mechanism whereby investors would be protected by the international community. She sees a potential for a $70 billion development fund, about half contributed by the oil states—"a huge sum, but still modest compared to defense expenditures." To skeptics, she replies that "we *all* have a common interest in avoiding collapse," and we are close to it. "We have no contingency plan to avoid the lurch toward national solutions in time of crisis."

Whether the Ward plan is feasible or whether mankind has the knowledge to spend that much money wisely, it is increasingly agreed that the provision of funds for development must be automatic and provided as a matter of right, not at the whim of donor governments. One possible source, long discussed and endorsed by Maurice Strong of the U.N. Environment Program, is a tax on ocean shipping.

All Is Well

In contrast to the tenor of the articles on this page, the esteemed *Economist* (London) gives favorable attention to a book which contends that everything is fine: fertility rates are falling; there are no physical limits to food production—only the need for greater efficiency; pollution is clearly no problem because London is cleaner than it used to be; metals will last for 100 million years with present technology; and most raw materials (including oil and other energy) will soon be in surplus at collapsed prices. With Wilfred Beckerman's *In Defence of Economic Growth* (Cape, £3.95), *The Economist* is confident the "brief cult of doom" has been finished off.

Climate Change

Whether adverse weather patterns of recent years are an aberration or a new norm has been a matter of controversy among climatologists. But at a symposium in Bonn this summer, attended by many of the leading atmospheric scientists, a consensus emerged: the evidence is "just short of overwhelming" that the earth is undergoing a climatic change that may be disastrous for agricultural production.

The northern latitudes are cooling, and the southern latitudes are warming. The change appears to stem from natural causes (not man-made pollution) and will probably last 25 to 40 years. How do those who cannot forecast tomorrow's weather with assurance make such a prediction? Primarily by study of the remarkable records of Iceland's temperature re-created for the last millennium. Earlier unstable periods with similar characteristics lasted a generation or more.

The experts meeting in Bonn under the auspices of the International Federation of Institutes for Advanced Study warned that unless there are radical changes in patterns of agricultural consumption—notably less waste of grains in meat production—the climatic shift will result in *1 billion* deaths by starvation in coming decades.

Global Report

Accra, Ghana—The basin of the Volta River covers parts of seven West African countries and embraces a population of 10 million, of whom about 1 million suffer from onchocerciasis, or river blindness. By no means confined to West Africa, the disease is carried by blackflies (Simulium), which breed in fast-flowing waters, feed on the blood of men and animals, and transmit the tiny parasitic worm that causes cysts in the eyes.

The World Health Organization has launched a 20-year campaign to rid the Volta basin of onchocerciasis, with environmental consequences that are unknown. DDT, heretofore the chief weapon against the larvae, is not being used. Replacing it are the less persistent compounds, methoxychlor and abate, which nevertheless will almost certainly destroy forms of aquatic life that are low on the food chain. The $120 million project will be carefully monitored and, considering the stakes, the risks seem worth it.

Stockholm—To assist their colleagues in the Third World with problems of development, scientists in Europe and North America have created the International Foundation for Science, with headquarters here and headed by a Swedish biochemist. Beginning modestly with grants from the Swedish government and the Royal Society of Canada, the foundation expects to operate on a budget of about $3 million.

Among the projects already supported are the investigation of natural products for use as pharmaceuticals; the microbiology of nitrogen fixation for soya beans, pulses, and green legumes; and studies of fish breeding, including artificially induced spawning and rearing of fish larvae.

Manchester, N.H.—Ground will soon be broken here for a new federal office building for the nation's largest landlord, the General Services Administration. What makes the building of more than passing interest is that in operation it is expected to save up to 60 percent on normal energy consumption.

Commercial buildings consume about 14.4 percent of the total energy used in the continental United States. It is almost universally agreed that without

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adding to construction costs, improved design and operation could reduce energy consumption in office buildings by 20 percent—or the equivalent of 1.09 million barrels of oil per day. The Manchester office, however, is one of several demonstration projects by the GSA's Public Buildings Service incorporating construction features and environmental systems that will conserve energy on a much larger scale. Another is at Saginaw, Mich.

The designers of the Manchester office building (Dubin-Mindell-Bloome Associates, in cooperation with AIA Research Corporation, and Heery and Heery, Architects) have prepared a volume summarizing their experience and suggesting several hundred ways to conserve power in the design, construction, operation, and maintenance of commercial buildings. It is circulating in draft form to obtain comment from experts but is available to anyone for $2 from regional offices of the General Services Administration or the main office in Washington, D.C. 20405.

Nairobi—Among the responsibilities of the U.N. Environment Program is to practice what it preaches. Therefore, it is giving very serious study and careful planning to the headquarters it will build here to replace temporary facilities in the Kenyatta Conference Center.

A $100,000 pre-feasibility study is underway to ensure that the building will be a model of its kind. Careful account will be taken of local ecological and climatic conditions, and construction will seek to exemplify the most advanced architectural and landscaping concepts, including waste disposal, noise control, and possibly solar energy.

St. John's, Newfoundland—This underdeveloped province is anticipating a boom based on its immense energy potential. Next year the Churchill Falls hydroelectric plant will reach full capacity of 7 million horsepower, and work has begun on another hydro development further down the Churchill River. Additional sites already planned will bring total energy harnessed to 14.4 million horsepower.

More than this, the provincial government is persuaded that 28 billion barrels of oil and 181 trillion cubic feet of natural gas are recoverable from Newfoundland's continental shelf. That is more gas and better than half the oil in proven reserves of the United States.

London—After eight years' research, the Ministry of Agriculture has classified nearly 29 million acres of farmland in England and Wales according to their agricultural potential. On the basis of climate, relief, and soil, the land has been divided into five grades, shown on 113 colored maps on a scale of one inch to a mile. Only 2.8 percent of the land surveyed fell into the highest grade.

A major purpose of the classification is to protect the best of Britain's limited farmland from heedless development and to direct the expansion of towns and industry to areas least suitable for agriculture.

Berne, Switzerland—There was a time when Switzerland seemed to have an inexhaustible supply of hydroelectric power. But today the country is not only a net importer of electricity; it is not sure where it will acquire the power to get through next winter. Generating capacity simply has not kept up with demand, which increased by nearly 35 percent in the decade 1962–72. Although new hydroelectric stations are under construction, the Swiss are relying for the future increasingly on nuclear energy. Three small nuclear power plants are already operating, three larger ones (over 900 MW) are under construction, and four are on the drawing boards.

Sydney—Ocean waves as an energy source have often been considered and as often dismissed. Harnessing wave power to electric generators appears impractical. But an inventor of some note here believes that waves can be used to produce compressed air, which drives many kinds of industrial machines.

Mr. Jock Packer's patented idea is to place, just beyond the breakers, batteries of floats whose rise and fall would drive pistons into cylinders. The air so compressed would be piped ashore and stored in concrete vaults beneath industrial complexes.

Belo Horizonte, Brazil—If a proposed garbage treatment and recycling plant is built here at a cost of $6.5 million, it is said that 3,000 people will be deprived of their only income—about 80 cents a day from the sale of paper, rags, metals, and other objects scavenged from the city dump. Opponents warn that, if the plan goes through, crime will vastly increase.

Using Alcohol for What Ails Us

Question: what single measure will solve not only the energy shortage but also "the problems of air pollution, water pollution, waste disposal, unemployment, poverty, economic growth, and most important of all, the cancerous problem of the city slum"? Answer: the massive production of grain alcohol.

At least that is the answer of Peter Fong, a physicist at Emory University, in an address before the American Physical Society. He is by no means the first to suggest mixing ethanol or ethyl alcohol with gasoline to reduce the demand for petroleum, but he is the first to push the argument so far. In fact, in the summary of its virtues (quoted above) he omitted several he had previously made: protein would be a by-product; the resource (corn) is renewable; and the technology is simple and available. ("Man made liquor before he could write.")

Alcohol can, of course, be used in existing automobiles without modification, and it would reduce air pollution. For normal driving, Fong proposes a mixture of 20 percent alcohol. For city driving, he recommends 100 percent alcohol, eliminating the need for expensive emission-control devices.

Briefly, Fong's plan calls for the doubling of corn acreage. (Unfortunately, he uses dated figures for the amount of idle cropland, so doubling would be no small problem.) Organic waste would be used as fertilizer, thereby reducing water pollution. Since only the starch component of the grain is used in distilling alcohol, the residue of protein (30 percent) and oil (3 percent) could be used as animal feed.

Because fermentation equipment is primitive and inexpensive, he sees the greater part of the new alcohol-fuel industry as a family operation established right on the farm. He contemplates moving the hard-core unemployed out of the cities and setting them up on the land with government subsidies derived from poverty programs and unemployment-compensation funds, which would then be unnecessary. At a regulated wholesale price of 65 cents a gallon for alcohol, Fong calculates that 1.5 million families, each with 40 acres, would have annual incomes of $10,700, including the sale of high-protein feed or meat. He emphasizes that anyone can operate a still, but he does not indicate how an uprooted city dweller can grow 40 acres of corn.

In short, Fong seems confident that an alcohol economy such as he conceives can solve virtually all our social problems, except one: alcoholism.

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Diversions

by Leo Rosten

How I Met Evelyn Waugh

Evelyn Waugh once tossed off a wry observation about "the futility of contemporary esteem." Since the publication of large and startling gobs from his diaries (in the London *Observer*), one must conclude that Mr. Waugh, the finest satirist of his generation, also scoffed at posthumous approbation.

The diaries are devastating. They reveal Waugh to have been eccentric, vain, merciless, an egregious snob, and as rude as he was gifted. He chortled over his own maliciousness. He spread gossip without a twinge of guilt. He reveled in petty rancors without a shred of propriety. Perhaps it was his prolonged boozing that explains his hair-raising tales of famous friends: their lunar foibles, inflated egos, sexual hang-ups, sadistic pranks, whoring, cowardice.

I gasped over the *Observer*'s excerpts and recalled an astonishing passage from Waugh's *A Little Learning: An Autobiography:*

> So little did I follow the news that at the beginning of one term I blithely greeted a man in Balliol with what seemed a pleasantry: "I suppose all your sisters were raped during the vac [vacation]?" To which the sad and candid answer was simply, "Yes." He came from Smyrna.

Waugh's outlandish "pleasantry" reveals, of course, one of his periodic, desperate efforts to be conventional, to make emotional contact with others, to be friendly even to the bores, rotters, and fools with whom he consorted. The episode also illustrates his hopeless insensitivity to the sensibilities of others.

Waugh was an altogether original writer, an artist with a mordant eye, an elegant (if vitriolic) pen, and a riotous felicity in dissecting characters. (Who can ever forget the Countess of Circumference, little Lord Tangent, the formidable dowager Metroland?) He wrote exquisite passages of description (*Brideshead Revisited*), incomparable farce (remember the schoolboys' race in *Decline and Fall*, which ends with a schoolmaster shooting a contestant?), and had a sense of the macabre (the story of the man who loved Dickens) that ranged from journalism (*Scoop*) to London's Corybants (*Vile Bodies*) to Hollywood's hallowed cemetery, Forest Lawn (forever anathematized in *The Loved One*).

Alexander Woollcot, whose name is probably as unfamiliar to Americans under 40 as is that of Herophilus (c. 300 B.C., who anticipated Harvey on the circulation of the blood), once described Waugh's dazzling mockery in these words: "[His style] has the desperate jauntiness of an orchestra fiddling away for dear life on a sinking ship."

I doubt whether any professional writer will quarrel with me if I call Waugh a genius. But he was obsessed and tormented by ungovernable terrors.

Now, I confess all this admiration so that you will not misinterpret what follows. What I have written so far is a prelude to the story of a meeting with Mr. Waugh.

Some years ago my wife and I were spending the summer in London. One day, reading the book section of a newspaper, I sat up in astonishment: there was the name of a book I had written, and a "Review by Evelyn Waugh." I raced through the review, of course, my spine prickling in anticipation of the lacquer-and-acid that was Waugh's trademark. But it was a very warm, generous, flattering review.

I had scarcely finished blushing and preening when Victor Gollancz, my publisher, rang me up. In considerable excitement he told me that Waugh, entirely on his own, had written the newspaper to ask if they would like him to review my book. "Waugh *never* does that," said Gollancz. "He very rarely agrees to review any book."

My wife urged me to write Waugh and invite him to have tea or drinks with us. I doubted the wisdom of this, not only because of Waugh's notorious abrasiveness and unpredictability but also because it seemed like apple-polishing.

But my wife prevailed. So I wrote Mr. Waugh a cheerful note, expressing my admiration for his work and inviting him to drop by, at his convenience, for tea or drinks.

Very swiftly I received an answer, on a postcard headed "Combe Fleury, Nr. Taunton." The message consisted of three lines:

> Dear L.R.—
> Alas, impossible.
> E. W.

I was crushed. My wife was furious. She accused Waugh of unforgivable curtness. I reminded her that I had not wanted to write. She said the man was a cad. I said that my letter was the sort of thing which, in England, just is "not done."

After wrestling with my fuming ego, I found a postcard and restored my self-esteem:

> Dear E.W.—
> Quite.
> L. R.

To my surprise, Mr. Waugh's response was instant—and entirely charming. If I would be good enough to forgive him his too-hasty reply, if we would permit him and his wife to come by for tea the following Wednesday, when they would be in London . . . he had the deepest regard for my works . . . was a staunch fan . . . *yearned* to meet me . . . etc., etc. No apology could have been more gracious.

And so the Evelyn Waughs came to our flat in Whitehall Court, a lovely flat that overlooked the Thames and now vibrated in anticipation of its illustrious visitor. . . . □

(First part of a two-part article.)

WIT TWISTER NO. 30

Edited by Arthur Swan

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word. Answers on page 58.

A beetle — — — — — — —
underneath a frond
Where ferns and reeds grow — —
— — — — — — near the pond.
The slenderest of — — — — —
— — — detects his trail,
And Beetle's final trip is made by
Rail.

A. S.

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Manner of Speaking

by John Ciardi

Dally Weltering

The American West was settled by the Pike, including Sweet Bessie and her lover, Ike. There are counties called Pike in Alabama, Arkansas, Georgia, Illinois, Indiana, Kentucky, Mississippi, Missouri, Ohio, and Pennsylvania, but the jumping-off points for what may be called "the massing of the Pikes" were in Arkansas, Illinois, Kentucky, and Missouri.

In case other Pikes feel offended by this exclusion, let me point out that one scholar of American literature defined the Pike as "the Anglo-Saxon reverted to barbarism." (I suspect him of confusing tribal strains, as do all who refer to White Anglo-Saxon Protestants, or WASPs. By the time the Normans and their descendants had done slaughtering and impregnating, there was little left in England to pass as a straight-line Anglo-Saxon, and that remnant did not notably settle the American colonies. A more accurate term for the settlers would be WERSP, for it was the Erse, that strain from the Orange to the Tartan along the northwest coast of the British Isles, that provided the main colonial population, especially in the southern states and in what now passes as the Bible belt.)

WASP or WERSP, in case any of the descendants of the westering Pike are offended by my inclusion, let me add that my wife is a Pike (the Missouri breed), that she denies any reversion to barbarism, and that she had not lifted more than one-third of my scalp before I found myself in full agreement with her.

It was the Pike who fathered the plains cowboy, which is to say the breed to be found from Texas to Montana, as distinct from the California cowboy of the southwest, who worked in the Spanish tradition. The plains cowboy inherited from his Pike fathers a high sense of rhetoric and of scorn, along with a dim view of "them Cali-phoney cowboys."

In the Spanish tradition Cali-phoney cowboys wore long-stemmed, large-wheeled spurs that dragged and clinked when they walked. They were, therefore, "spur-draggers" in plains rhetoric. They ate bread instead of sourdough biscuits. They were, therefore, "bread-eaters," a term of equal contempt. Among unreverted barbarians all difference is a signal for scorn.

"I'm proud of you, George. You remembered all the punch lines, you didn't get plastered, and you didn't once call me the 'little woman.'"

But above all the plains cowboy scorned Spanish roping. He tied his rope to the pommel before he threw a loop. When he roped a critter, he stayed connected to it. Cali-phoney cowboys used a riata longer than the plains lasso, threw their loop, and then "dallied" or "dally weltered" the rope around the pommel in a series of quick turns. "Dally welter" is a corruption of the Spanish *dar la vuelta,* "to give the turn to." Cali-phoney cowboys defended their practice by pointing out that, at need, they could un-dally and be free of a critter if it turned troublesome.

The plains cowboy would have been disgraced as a tenderfoot were he to lose his rope. And why would a man tie onto anything he didn't mean to own?

THERE WAS, MOREOVER, a price for dally weltering. If the rope tightened at the wrong instant of the turn, a man could lose a finger or two in the coils. Cali-phoney cowboys tended to be "short-handed," and even that mutilation was seized on by the plains cowboys as a point of rhetorical scorn. And once his rhetorical pump was oiled by a few shots of rotgut, the plains cowboy knew how to turn a phrase. He especially liked to turn it in three compound parts. What came out of him when he was in full rhetorical flower was pure, round American. "Them Cali-phoney cowboys?" the man would begin, leaning against the bar. "Ain't nothing but a passel of bread-eating, spur-dragging, two-finger dally welters!" And, yes, Demosthenes might have done better once he got the rocks out of his mouth, but for plain, undusted, stand-up, workaday, hip-shooting rhetoric, that will fairly do for taking out a gnat's left eye without impairing the vision of the right.

P.S.: Have you ever wondered why frontier greenhorns were called "tenderfeet"? Frontiersmen were not notable walkers. If any part of a newcomer became notably tender, it was not likely to be his feet. The name is a transference. It was first applied to cattle that had been driven from Texas to stock the Wyoming and Montana ranges, and that arrived hoof-sore from the trek. They were also called "pilgrims," and that term, too, was later applied interchangeably with "tenderfoot" as a label for a newcomer unhardened to frontier ways. □

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Curmudgeon-at-Large

by Cleveland Amory

A curmudgeon at a national conference of almost anything these days could be a fish out of water. An exception, however, might be the national conference of the National Organization for Non-Parents (NON). Anyone who doesn't like motherhood and apple pie—and likes dogs—can't be all bad.

"Pronatalism," stated the brochure, "in law or attitude, custom or belief, ties woman's destiny to the 'natal' or birth experience, urges acceptance of the inevitability of reproduction. It thus denies free reproductive choice to individuals. . . ." A leaflet put it in simpler terms. "Pronatalism," it said, is a "threat to personhood and planning." There was even a slogan. "Communicate before you procreate—you *can* question the stork."

IN NEW YORK the news was good. In Central Park novelist Dan Wakefield and population-control activist Stefanie Mills were crowned, respectively and respectfully, Non-Father and Non-Mother of the Year. In the Midwest, however, there was trouble. A couple from Chicago, the husband being a member of the Chicago Bears, was to be crowned Non-Parents of the Year. But the day before the ceremony, the wife turned out to be pregnant. The Chicago Bears, it seems, can't do anything right.

At the press conference, TV reporter Bill Ryan, who said he had nine children, bearded one NONer, critic John Simon, who told him he should have stopped short of nine. "Which one do you want me to eliminate?" asked Ryan. Replied Simon, "I wouldn't trust you to choose." Later, NON founder Ellen Peck told Ryan, "I am troubled by your nine children." Replied Ryan, "So, from time to time, am I."

In the panel discussion, author Alvin Toffler defined industrial society as "a form of civilization dependent on the nuclear family." Dr. Suzanne Keller, professor of sociology, quoted Francis Bacon: "The care of posterity lies in the care of those who have no posterity." Dr. Robert Gould, professor of psychiatry, was firm. "It is no coincidence," he said, "that so many famous people—Churchill, Roosevelt, writers, artists, etc.—have done so badly in bringing up their children. In order to be excellent at something, you must give up something. It takes a lot of time to be a good parent—and as much talent as it does to be a good doctor."

Dr. Gould's wife, author Lois Gould, went perhaps furthest of all. "Every child today," she said, "can and usually does say, 'I hate my parents.' But we cannot say 'I hate my children.' That day must come."

DR. SUSAN KEDGLEY, project director of the U.N. staff that is working on the International Women's Year, reported that not only do 23 nations either restrict or prohibit the sale of contraceptives, but also in Africa, Asia, South America, etc., 50 percent of the governments actively oppose all birth-control efforts. She noted that an Emperor of Morocco many years ago had fathered 548 sons, 340 daughters. "If his children had so 'prospered,' " she said, "we would today have 52 million of one man's machismo."

Isaac Asimov summed up with force and humor. "Even the organizations which stand as the greatest bastions against what we stand for," he said, "most reverence priests and nuns and vestal virgins and all the rest. It's great to be childless, in other words, as long as you don't have sex. But if you have sex and don't have children, you must be awful. Children are the punishment for sex."

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There are some who would say, we suppose, no ex-Presidents need apply.

SOCIAL NOTE—supplied by Florence Bahr of Elk Ridge, Md., from the Baltimore *Sun:*

Miss Valerie Bowman is enraged to wed Mr. Harry Hopkins 3d, of Darlington, Md.

Repent, we say, in haste.

SPORTING SCENE—located by Grace Collins, of Los Gatos, Calif., in the San Francisco *Chronicle:*

U.S. Lawn Tennis Association President Walter Elcock, still in Euphoria after his election last week as president of the International Lawn Tennis Federation . . .

You can't miss it. You go to Peoria and turn off. □

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Music

Voices on Record

by Roland Gelatt

Beginning with Adelina Patti, who made her debut more than a century ago at New York's Academy of Music, the recording horn and microphone have embalmed a formidable chorus of virtuoso voices. The roster includes not only the familiar Red Seal stars of our own Metropolitan Opera—Caruso, Schumann-Heink, Ponselle, Pinza, and company—but whole galaxies of admirable artists associated almost exclusively with Vienna, Paris, London, Milan, St. Petersburg, and other operatically inclined centers. It is a huge and daunting legacy, seemingly beyond the capacity of any one mortal to assimilate. But the job has been done, and done well, in a fascinating, provocative survey by J. B. Steane entitled *The Grand Tradition: Seventy Years of Singing on Record* (Scribner's, 628 pp., $25).

Mr. Steane is an Englishman who teaches in a public school, edits books, and writes critical studies of Elizabethan dramatists. But these pursuits are clearly ancillary to his chief lifework, which is to have listened to every—well, nearly every—vocal record published since the turn of the century. His book runs the gamut from Abendroth, Irene to Zylis-Gara, Teresa. Almost nothing has escaped his vigilant ears. Ninon Vallin? Meta Seinemeyer? Conchita Supervia? They are all accounted for, appreciatively and in depth. But what makes the book remarkable is not so much its encyclopedic range as its acuteness of perception. Mr. Steane listens with rare discrimination and writes with rare precision.

The heart warms to a critic who can convey the intangibles of performing style so persuasively. Follow him as he characterizes the Rosina of Frieda Hempel:

> She dreams up her plots and floats them on high, letting them circle round or trail away in little wisps of sound, fine and airy as a piece of muslin. The will-power behind these unhurried meditations is felt in the upward movement of staccatos, and by the end we have no more doubts about the dominance of this easy-going machiavel from Leipzig than about that of the most fearsome of Mediterranean vixens.

Or consider his wickedly irreverent metaphor for Dame Clara Butt, that plummiest of British contraltos:

> If all the statues of Queen Victoria, standing or sitting in all her Dominions, could have burst into song, this is how they should sound.

Or his evocative analysis of Maria Callas' "Casta diva":

> She sings with what can best be called love; that is, with care, understanding, and sudden personal insights, such as a way of dropping the descending chromatic figures from their high note with a gentle tone and a soothing suggestion of *glissando* to make an effect like the shining path of moonlight on water.

Anyone who writes that well can be forgiven much. In Mr. Steane's case, it is a tendency to force recalcitrant specifics into neat generalities that demands our indulgence. He has the habit of wanting to search out patterns where none exist. Thus, writing about the baritone Pasquale Amato and the tenor Giuseppe Anselmi early in the book, he observes that their kind of vivid phrasing would never have survived the strict beat of a modern conductor. "The later, musicianly and disciplined singers have had their wings clipped; the music pleases, but the magic has gone." All very convincing, until we get to the contemporary baritone John Shirley-Quirk and learn to our amazement how he profits from the rhythmic sense of his conductor, Colin Davis. "One again reflects," Steane muses, apparently unconcerned that he contradicts himself, "on the luck of the modern singer and the conditions in which he records."

But the author's least believable generality is the notion that "the graph of 70 years' recorded singing is V-shaped," beginning on a high plateau in the palmy days of Melba and De Lucia, then declining perceptibly in the inter-war years, finally bouncing back in the post-war revival led by the likes of Schwarzkopf and Callas, Gobbi and Christoff. Fortunately, Mr. Steane's enthusiasms for such singers as Elisabeth Schumann, Lotte Lehmann, Giovanni Martinelli, and Lawrence Tibbett—all splendid artists of the Twenties and Thirties—give the lie to his thesis that "greatness in singing became ever more rare" in the so-called trough of his survey. The fact is that greatness in singing is totally unpredictable and ungraphable. Suddenly an artist appears whose voice is instantly recognizable, who walks the tightrope between exaggeration and conformity, who throws new light on the oldest of chestnuts, who creates his or her own musical universe—in short, an artist who *says* something. That is what great singing is all about, and no one knows this better than Mr. Steane, except when he natters on about vocal "progress charts."

The lack of a discography is a vexatious shortcoming. Mr. Steane's penetrating commentaries should send us scurrying to the turntable. But where does one find the recordings of Hina Spani, that South American soprano of whom the author writes so warmly? Or those two off-the-air performances of *Boccanegra* that show Lawrence Tibbett at the height of his powers? It is the author's own fault if he whets our appetite so keenly.

THERE IS A THESIS, too, in *The Great American Popular Singers* by Henry Pleasants (Simon & Schuster, 384 pp., $9.95). This is that while opera singers today are "crippled creatively by the disciplines of composer theology and the dictation of conductor autocracy" (cf. Steane), the popular singer is "free of traditional and institutional inhibition." As a result,

> the popular singer is often closer than the classical singer to the *older, original* objectives and conventions of European singing. His enunciation is superior. His embellishments are richer in invention and variety. . . . He is more resourceful, and stylistically more secure, in melodic deviation, elaboration and variation.

This is an intriguing viewpoint, and with at least some of the singers sketched here —Louis Armstrong, Ella Fitzgerald, Bing Crosby, Frank Sinatra—it can be argued with a certain cogency. Mr. Pleasants draws vivid portraits of his 22 exemplars and writes with the appreciative delight of the convert to a new faith. But even he is hard put to locate Elvis Presley and Aretha Franklin in any kind of mainstream vocal tradition. □

FRASER YOUNG
LITERARY CRYPT NO. 17

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer on page 58.

W EYHZQ JOSBAJ BONA XAF ODG EBC W BONA FY DSOSHA SBOF EBC W BONA YFA.

UOSY

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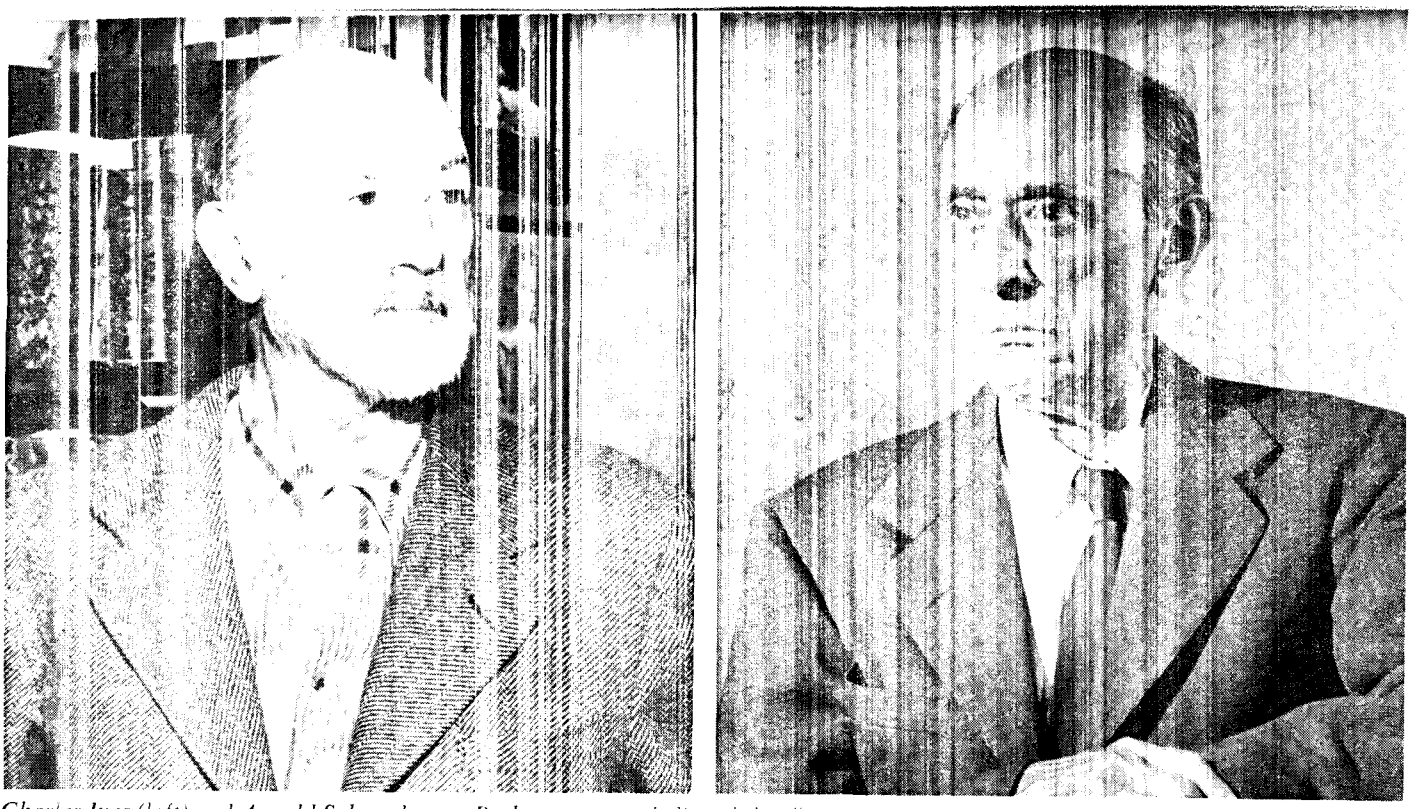

Charles Ives (left) and Arnold Schoenberg—Both composers believed that "music was not about how *(style) but about* what *(idea)."*

Ives and Schoenberg: An English View

by Richard Middleton

Centenaries are always with us: rarely, however, do they focus on two composers born within weeks of each other —Arnold Schoenberg, in Vienna, on September 13, 1874, Charles Ives, on October 20 of the same year, in Danbury, Conn.—who had never met but had profoundly radical ideas on the music being written in their lifetime. SR/World *has invited Richard Middleton, English critic and musicologist, to explore the coincidence and to express his views on the underlying factors that related the composers as revolutionaries but defined them as individualists.*

In spite of an all but non-existent relationship during their lifetimes, Charles Ives and Arnold Schoenberg are simply thrown together for us by the course of history. For the coincidence of their adjacent births merely symbolizes their contemporaneous adventures—the one in America, the other in Europe—in the almost single-handed transformation of musical history. With Stravinsky and Debussy, they bestride the first two decades of the century. And further, within their music gestate all the subsequent evolutions of twentieth-century music, its triumphs, trials, contradictions, techniques, beliefs—though, of course, it is only with the eyes of today that this becomes clear.

It is not just that so many Schoenbergian innovations (and Stravinskian ones, too, for that matter) were hit upon independently by Ives at the same time, or even earlier. The relationship goes much deeper. Purely in the realm of musical techniques, for instance, we can see that each is a sophisticated composer—sophisticated in the sense of possessing both acute aural sensitivity and constructive skill.

Both revel in sensuousness of sound (at least this is true of early- and middle-period Schoenberg, the time when Ives was writing); both are larger-than-life, extreme, unafraid of exaggeration; and yet both are strongly anti-sentimental.

We can see that the great motif of both men's music is a quest for unity. Ives was interested in the unity of all reality, accepting the inevitability of chaos and the impossibility of realizing the transcendent unity that he envisioned. He could not therefore have accepted the imposed, preconceived unity represented by Schoenberg's serial techniques, though the serial principle can be found in his music. Schoenberg, however, explored the possibility of psychological unity, unity within, and therefore found the serial law a necessity for survival. Both derive from Beethoven: perhaps Ives has more in common with Beethoven's stormy middle period, Schoenberg with the spiritualizing later style.

THE LINES of correspondence can be followed deeper still, into the realm of aesthetic principles. Schoenberg wrote a celebrated essay entitled "Style and Idea" and never tired of explaining that to him music was not about *how* (style) but about *what* (idea). Similarly, Ives devoted many pages of his *Essays Before a Sonata* to a distinction between manner and substance, also coming down in favor of the priority of meaning over sound. Schoenberg once wrote, "The artist is content with aspiration, whereas the mediocre must have beauty. And yet the artist attains a beauty without willing it, for he is only striving after truthfulness." This dictum may be coupled with Ives's insight, "What has sound got to do with music! . . . That music must be heard is not essential—what it *sounds* like may not be what it *is*."

Both had a tendency to maltreat the instrument by using extreme registers and devices and by making impractical demands on the listener's ears. In both

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cases Beethoven is the source, and the Franco-Russians (Debussy-Stravinsky) are the opposing pole in contemporary music. That music must convey meaning, not just feeling or sensation, is an important idea—as important as the point that this meaning may be unpalatable. Schoenberg redefined dissonances as merely more distant consonances; Ives wrote, "Dissonances are becoming beautiful."

WHAT IS THE SOURCE of this meaningfulness? Both Ives and Schoenberg define it in terms of what inescapably has to be said—the artist "must" (as Schoenberg put it). Meaningfulness comes from within, not from tradition. Perhaps we should not be surprised that, in the early years of the Freudian era, the idea of the inevitability, the almost autonomous evolutionary force, of artistic innovation should emerge. It nevertheless still strikes one with extraordinary force. Schoenberg writes, "[I am] following an inner compulsion that is stronger than education and am obeying a law that is natural to me, and therefore stronger than my artistic training." Ives, perplexed by requests that he write in a more traditional way, objects—"I hear something else"—and asks, perhaps not entirely in jest, "Are my ears on wrong?" The idea that the driving forces of artistic truths are located in the deepest layers of nature, human and non-human, rather than in conscious human artifice, is one of the cornerstones of modern art and the bane of all formalists. But to allow them *to emerge*—that is the gift of the few. For both Ives and Schoenberg, it required an act of moral courage.

There are also differences between the two men—after all, admitting the correspondence, the two composers *sound* different. And it is not just a matter of the Ivesian innovations, unique to himself at the time: microtones, collages, use of popular material, indeterminacy, stereophony, multiple tempi, and so on. Schoenberg's very mission seems to have been the abandonment of tonality; Ives, on the other hand, almost always retains a sense of key-center. Schoenberg's exploration of new rhythmic possibilities is relatively slight; Ives makes a major inventive contribution here. Then again, we can speak, with John Cage, of "the mud of Ives," but with Schoenberg, everything is thematic and must, however complex, be heard.

Similarly, Schoenberg's forms are self-sufficient, "musical," perfect, complete; a realized shape can be perceived. Ives is open-ended, unrepetitive, "programmatic," improvisatory; with him, autonomous, frozen form contradicts music's role as only *part* of the whole of reality. And so he forever changed, rewrote, transformed his pieces, and deliberately planned that his magnum opus, the *Universe Symphony*, should never be completed.

Schoenberg, the founder of the Society for Private Performances in Vienna (admission to members only; membership by invitation), wrote, "If it is art, it is not for the masses. If it is for the masses, it is not art." But Ives, from his isolation and rejection, perversely continued to trust and write for the "universal mind, the majority." Perhaps the difference between an idealist and a transcendentalist can be defined in terms of Schoenberg's distrust of democracy and Ives's positive desire and effort to enlarge the power of the common man. Schoenberg, a natural aristocrat of the mind, derived his innovations directly from historical development; the past would justify the present, and this must be understood and respected before the new could become meaningful. Ives, on the other hand, derived his innovations from his surroundings (which included some historical flotsam and jetsam, of course). Tradition meant his professor at Yale, composer Horatio Parker; truth must be sought everywhere.

Is this just the familiar distinction between the elitist, historically aware imagination of Europe and the newborn, democratic empiricism of America?

It seems safe to say that in some sense both composers were responding to the needs of the time, whatever those needs were, wherever they originated, and however such a response may operate.

If this is so, we are faced with another question and a crucial one: why were the needs of the time as they were? Why was the revolution represented by Ives and Schoenberg, an uncomfortable revolution in many ways, necessary at all? Both insist on the necessity of a painful new language, which is set against the now meaningless gestures of the old—and not only meaningless but also *false*. Ives comes to see the music of Wagner, which he once idolized, as "threadbare," "make-believe," its emotion "unearned." Schoenberg likewise starts from Wagner, then journeys ever farther away; it is no longer *true*.

IVES WRITES of "beauty" in music as a narcotic, a soporific, when, as too often, it is "confused with something that lets the ears lie back in an easy chair. Many sounds that we are used to do not bother us. . . ." Conversely, what is required is music to toughen up the musical muscles, music whose precise function is to bother us. Now, to regard the traditional language as inadequate or old-fashioned is historically commonplace; to see it as false is extraordinary. It suggests again the split between the reality of life felt and the pretense of life as it is actually lived, a split that neither Ives nor Schoenberg could allow to compromise their work.

Theodor Adorno sees Schoenberg's new language as a reaction against the appropriation of traditional tonality by capitalist business for profit-making exploitation. The "ugliness" of the new is a necessary response to the mind-conditioning dishonesty that the old has become; it is individual dissidence in the midst of totalitarian manipulation. Ives's views make this plausible in his case also: a new language is set up in opposition to the status quo; in addition, the old is rehabilitated (through collages,

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polyphonies, reinterpretation of popular tunes and styles).

Perhaps we can say that Schoenberg represents only a rejection, a negation of the horrors of modern bourgeois society (or, at most, a positive identity that is inextricably tied to its dialectical antagonist). Ives is this, too, but he also comprehends elements of affirmation, elements with independent force—and an affirmation not only of a *new* vision but also of the *original* truth of that which is negated, which for him retains a certain vitality.

The closeness of Ives's New England roots and the still-youthful spring beneath the decadent apathy of late bourgeois American society make possible a "hot line" linking past to future. Neither Ives's vulgar marches, corny ragtime rhythms, and small-town tunes, on the one hand, nor the marvelous love-tune of "The Housatonic at Stockbridge," on the other, would have been possible for Schoenberg. When he came to what should have been his statement of affirmation—the third act of *Moses and Aaron*—he could not write the music. Schoenberg wrote the music of the future, which now seems to lead to a dead end ("*Schoenberg est mort*," said Boulez). Ives is, in a way, all memory, but he ends up seeming more progressive, certainly more positive.

Both Ives and Schoenberg "collectivize" feeling: Schoenberg on an individual, aristocratic basis, Ives "democratically"; Schoenberg by destroying tonal reference, and with it the hegemony of the ego, and Ives by "dissociating" the clichés of bourgeois individualism.

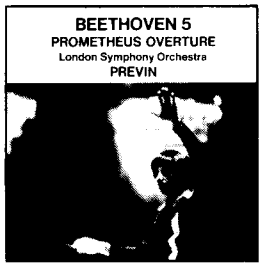
In both cases, one is not allowed to feel (as one has become used to feeling). Instead, the elements of feeling—in Schoenberg, leading notes, sevenths, ninths, etc.; in Ives, familiar tunes, rhythms, textures—are transcended. The development of individualism has led to totalitarianism. Schoenberg ends up with "what *must* be" (in order to preserve sanity); Ives with "what was, could have been (and still might be)."

And will it be? Is it to be affirmation or rejection? Certainly mere survival has been a major part of Schoenberg's fate. His links to the past, his stylistic compromises, and his reformist use of serial technique ensured that he did *not* create the serial music of the future. Rather, Anton Webern (like Ives, an affirmer as well as a rejecter) did. To young composers today, Schoenberg tends to represent a desperate shoring up of tradition rather than its overthrow. Ives, on the other hand, is so all-embracing, so flexible, so open, and contains, embryonically, so much of current avant-garde orthodoxy that the popular triumph of his affirmative spirit over the last 20 years was assured.

If we want to look beyond a stand for the integrity of the individual imagination in the face of social horror, toward the realms of positive transformation of life, then this is hopeful (though the day when society's structure follows music's lead will be the moment for cheers). Or is this all just a part of the Americanization of the West and the death of Europe?

Is it perhaps the result of a misinterpretation of Schoenberg (whose real significance, according to Adorno, was never followed up, even by himself)? But the next generation finds what it needs, doesn't it (does it)? And it has found Ives. □

Seven pleasures from Previn.



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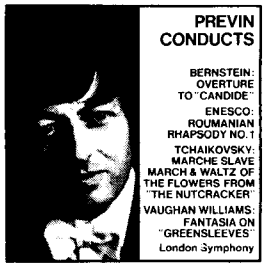
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Fever!

by Hollis Alpert

George Segal and Elliott Gould in California Split—*"Gambling fever."*

Two films about gamblers and gambling have appeared within a month or so of each other, a fact that doesn't make their distributing companies happy; the moviegoer, having seen one, may well wish to eschew the other. First into the theaters is *California Split*, directed by Robert Altman. Hard upon it comes *The Gambler*, directed by Karel Reisz, with a faint, unacknowledged debt to the Dostoevski story of the same title. Comparisons will be made, and I'll make mine: *California Split* is the odds-on winner. It passes no judgments on its two compulsive protagonists who haunt poker parlors, racetracks, and gambling casinos but appears simply to be following them around on their scruffy odyssey. *The Gambler*, on the other hand, follows the current psychiatric line on what makes the fellow tick; it's heavy and gloomy and sees little or no hope for the addict who is hooked on the roll of the dice or the outcome of a ball game. Off with him to the head shrink, it seems to be saying, or to Gamblers Anonymous, if he can be saved at all.

Of our established film directors, Altman is plainly the most adventurous and has the most distinctive style. It doesn't seem to matter who writes his scripts; the films still come out as Altman's. *California Split* for me is his best. Everything about it works: the seeming improvisations, the genuineness of its atmosphere, the inventive use of sound, and, perhaps most important, the quality of the acting. The two gamblers in the film are played by George Segal and Elliott Gould. Segal, during his off-gambling hours, edits fly-by-night magazines. Gould appears to have no other occupation than gambling; his abode during the course of the film is the home of two call girls. It's an easygoing ménage, with no obligations. The two men meet at a poker game, become friends, and eventually pool their resources for a big night in Reno. There is almost no discernible plot to their story, but by the end of the film there is the sense of a world having been entered and astutely explored. And while there is no obvious attempt at humor, much of the film is deliciously funny. Gould is back to his rarest form, and Segal matches him every frame of the way.

In *The Gambler* James Caan is a New York philosophy professor whose $15,000-a-year salary is hardly suited to his wagering habits, which can involve as much as $50,000 at a crack. This, soon enough, puts him heavily in debt to the loan sharks, who have forthright ways of dealing with those who don't come up with principal and interest on time. In *California Split* Altman doesn't bother with family attachments or love relationships and the effect of gambling fever on them. But in the James Toback screenplay of *The Gambler*, the victims include the mother and the girl friend of Caan. The mother puts up her life savings to help him avoid mayhem by the loan sharks, and he promptly (as the audience is by this time programmed to expect) gambles it away. The script and the direction emphasize the psychological nature of Caan's addiction so heavily that we are never in doubt as to what is going to happen. Or why.

Over the years I've read explanations of why gamblers gamble. It has been drilled into me, and probably millions of other readers, that the compulsive gambler secretly, subconsciously, doesn't want to win; he wants to lose. In this way, his basic masochistic tilt is satisfied. I won't argue with the validity of the theory, but like a good many psychiatric simplifications it isn't entirely persuasive, and where imaginative fiction is concerned, it makes for dull characterization. Caan, the sensitive intellectual,

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James Caan in The Gambler—*"Sensitive intellectual . . . classic masochist."*

Richard Dreyfuss as Duddy Kravitz—Growing up Jewish in Montreal.

comes across as a case rather than a character. He acts it well, but one simply can't get involved with him. His story is known in advance. The film sags as a result, although some of the scenes are striking. One in particular has Caan accompanying a fat loan shark on his rounds. He watches as the cheerful hood beats up a delinquent debtor. Caan gets the message, but does it deter him? Not this classic masochist.

CURIOUSLY, a similar scene occurs in both films, and the way the scene is handled illustrates the differing approaches of the two directors. In *The Gambler*, Caan, down to his last couple of hundred dollars, gets into a playground basketball game with some young hustlers. He gives them 20-to-1 odds that he can beat their best player in a 1-on-1 game. A good athlete, Caan nevertheless loses. Message: he needs to lose. Out in California, Gould also gets into a playground game. He's pretty hopeless at it. Every time the ball comes his way, one of the street boys grabs it and sinks it. Irked, he makes a bet similar to Caan's. Upon which, he runs off a string of baskets. Gould was just having fun; his winning doesn't make the boys much poorer.

Yet, at the end of *California Split* there is a poignancy that *The Gambler* tries for and doesn't succeed in evoking. The climactic gambling spree of Segal and Gould has paid off beyond their mutual expectations. They've finally done it, and without stressing it, with hardly a word of dialogue, Altman and the actors make us aware of a profound emptiness and a sense of futility. They've had their fun and games, but suddenly they're aware that it was only fun and games; and yet it was something else—the sadness is that they don't know what it is—they were seeking. In contrast, Caan, at the end of *The Gambler*, comes garishly face-to-face with his self-realization, and it's pure bathos rather than pathos. Addiction of one sort or another is hardly new material for movies. Altman uses his skill and expertise to stay well ahead of the audience. Reisz doesn't gamble; he follows the book, and it's been around for a long time.

ANOTHER KIND of fever is probed in *The Apprenticeship of Duddy Kravitz*, in which a young Jewish Canadian (Richard Dreyfuss) is driven by the insatiable need to make himself into a person of power and wealth. The story is based on Mordecai Richler's novel, which in turn was based on his own recollections of growing up in a Jewish immigrant quarter of Montreal during the late Forties and early Fifties—without the customary soft glow of nostalgia. Duddy Kravitz comes of age in an anti-Semitic, money-grubbing milieu. Beset by the desire to own land, he discovers that the farmers of the area won't sell to Jews. So he connives and schemes, runs hard, and finally achieves what I suppose might be called a bitter triumph.

The movie is richer than most in effective portraits of subordinate characters. Joseph Wiseman is seen as Duddy's rich clothing-factory uncle who can't communicate with his nephew. Duddy's father, a taxi driver and an occasional pimp, is played boisterously by Jack Warden. But my favorite is Joe Silver, as the nouveau-riche Mr. Farber, a frog-voiced dealer in metal scrap who agrees to allow Duddy to produce a film of his son's bar mitzvah. The "documentary" turns out to be a horrendous classic of its kind, as might be expected of the drunken director (Denholm Elliott) employed by Duddy. It is these and other essentially "character" moments and sequences that enliven the film and give it some distinction. On the other hand, the performance by Richard Dreyfuss struck me as too strident and mechanical, and he makes use of a phony, theatrical laugh that he ought to quickly eliminate from his acting mannerisms. Richler's screenplay has a way of ambling along more novelistically than is customary in today's movies (and I found it refreshing), and the direction by Ted Kotcheff seems aimed at achieving fidelity to the author's material. A rather rare happenstance, come to think of it. □

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National Council of Tourism in Lebanon

Baalbek—Temples built by men from other planets in some prehistoric time?

At Home With the Gods

by Horace Sutton

Whatever tensions may exist in the Middle East, little evidence of the strain is evident in the elderly salons of the Hotel Palmyra, which faces the ruins of Baalbek at the crossroads of the Beirut-Damascus road.

By noon the travelers have climbed over the ruins, stone by stone, lurched a few steps aboard the resident tourist camel, and been drilled by the guides in the culture of the myriad civilizations which have left their imprints on the temples that overlook the fertile plain.

The visitors are ready for lunch, and if they have reserved a table at the Palmyra, a hotel that first opened its guest register in 1875, they will soon be served chicken oriental style, or *ris de veau financière,* or roast veal. Having been innkeeper to an international clientele for nearly a century, the Palmyra can function in a number of cultures. Its visitors' book, kept since 1889, must comprise one of the most elaborate collections of famous autographs on file anywhere in the world. Its recorded names are virtually signposts of history. There is the inscription of Kaiser Wilhelm II, who, with the Empress, encamped in the ruins overnight in November of 1898. He sent his photograph decades afterwards, when, as an aging exile, he lived out his last years in Doorn, in the Netherlands.

The majestic signatures of General MacAndrew, who entered the Levant on the heels of the departing Turks in 1918, and of General Allenby, who entered Jerusalem in the last days of 1917 and beat the Turks at Megiddo in 1918, are remembrances of the Allied occupation in the Middle East.

And then there was the last of the red-hot moguls—J. P. Morgan—who arrived with the Archbishop of Canterbury, an odd couple of the early Thirties, when only a Morgan and a Morgan's friend had the money for travel. G. B. Shaw came, and Cole Porter, that indefatigable voyager, though in personal memory no mention of the splendid relic ever cropped up in a Porter lyric. Jean Cocteau brought his play *The Infernal Machine* to Baalbek in 1956 and called the Temple of Bacchus, which is the true jewel of the Baalbek ruins, "a tall blond phantom," for which no photograph had ever prepared him.

FOR ALL THESE TRAVELERS, like those who come today, driving down the 50 miles from Beirut, Baalbek is a splendor of stone, a wonder of architectural craft, and a political fascination. Some of the granite columns, transported from Egypt, are six feet in diameter, some sections 75 feet high. Sulphur and lead were used to attach one length to another. The labor force—some say it took 200,000 slaves working from the first to the third century to put it together—could only have been employed in those times by as rich a government as imperial Rome.

Building as they did, on the site of older temples, the Romans made a diplomatic effort to bind the local citizenry into the colonial empire. The temples stood as a personification of an early form of *ostpolitik.*

In the earliest days Baalbek was a crossroads for caravans journeying from Palmyra, an oasis on the edge of the Syrian desert, to the Phoenician ports on the Mediterranean shore. The Phoenician traders built a temple there, and soon the crossroads, named for the god Baal (and *bek,* for "house"), became a religious center. The Greeks, in their time, called it Heliopolis. But it was the Romans who gave it the grandeur that has ever afterwards dazzled kaisers and kings, artists, architects, poets and playwrights.

The grand stairway, and the columns that rise above it, seem to sound a fanfare of trumpets for each visitor who mounts the heights to stand in the hexagonal court. A cedar roof once covered the court and its surrounding colonnades. Here the citizens were initiated into the cult of Jupiter. The bas-relief still, after all the centuries, bears the symbol of Jupiter himself holding bolts of lightning and a whip, the signs of his office.

The hexagonal court opens to the court of the altar, an enormous esplanade 438 feet long and 348 feet wide. The colonnades ran three sides of the courtyard supporting a cedar roof that made a gallery to be used in bad weather. The Egyptian granite columns were pink on one side, signifying the day, and gray on the other, for night. Now, during the famed Baalbek festival of summer, which has drawn everything from the Comédie Française to the Harkness Ballet, seats are placed in the courtyard and the players often use the stairway leading to the sanctuary.

There on the highest step, leading to the sanctified interior of the Temple of Jupiter, a place kept private for priests, some Romans, in some far-off Roman spring, could look across the plain to the distant hulk of Mount Lebanon, covered with a bib of late snow.

Unfinished capitals lie strewn on the floor of the Temple of Jupiter, and one can look over the side of the temple to the enormous blocks of granite that were never set in place. How they were moved with the means available in that

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CONTEST RULES

1. The contest is for amateur photographers only. Anyone is eligible except employees of Saturday Review/World and members of their families.
2. Pictures, which convey a feeling of travel, must have been taken after May 30, 1973, in a locale visited on a vacation or business trip away from home.
3. Black-and-white photographs
   a. Prints must be submitted in glossy prints 8x10 unmounted.
   b. On the back of the photograph must appear: name and address of photographer; make of camera and film used in taking the picture; date and place it was shot.
   c. Developing and printing may be done by a photofinisher or the entrant. No artwork or retouching on prints or negatives from which they are made is permitted.
   d. No negatives should be submitted.
   e. No black-and-white prints will be returned.
4. Color photographs
   a. Color pictures may be submitted as either transparency OR print. Do not submit a transparency and print of the same picture.
   b. Transparencies must be originals and must be mounted in cardboard only.
   c. Color prints must be no larger than 8x10 unmounted.
   d. The same data must be given as specified above for black-and-white prints and must be written on the mount of each transparency or on the back of each print.
   e. Transparencies and color prints will be returned only if accompanied by return postage: a minimum of 50 cents in stamps or coins. Do not send self-addressed envelopes.
5. Saturday Review/World reserves the right to publish within its own pages as part of the Awards competition any pictures submitted whether winners or not.
6. To enter the contest, mail no more than two entries (black-and-white and/or color) to this magazine's Travel Photography Contest. All entries must be postmarked no later than October 1, 1974, to be eligible for judging.
   IMPORTANT: NO MORE THAN TWO PICTURES MAY BE SUBMITTED BY ANY ONE ENTRANT.
7. Pictures will be judged on photographic quality, originality in choice and treatment of subject, and the sense of travel they reflect. The decision of the judges will be final.
8. Before receiving a prize, the entrant must sign a statement that he is not, and has never been, a professional photographer, that the picture(s), or any closely similar picture of the same subject or situation, has not been and will not be entered by him in any photographic contest other than the one conducted by this magazine, and has not been and will not be offered for publication in any manner prior to January 11, 1975. Saturday Review/World retains first publication rights on winning pictures and the right to use them for promotional purposes.

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time is a riddle that has often led fanciful thinkers to suppose that men from other planets, having visited here in some prehistoric time, were the prime movers of a project so vast.

For all the immense proportions, the granite grandeur, and the sweep of the Jupiter complex, it is the Temple of Bacchus, alongside it, that wins the hearts of the romanticists. The intricate border of its tall portal is sculpted with images of Bacchus and grape leaves, with lengths of chain that symbolized slavery, and with a pattern of eggs to suggest life itself. After all the centuries, to say nothing of the invaders and landlords who have followed one upon the other, the figure of an eagle remains in the lintel, a branch of cedar (for eternity) in its beak, and the key to the temple in its claws. Arab ramparts—during the Arab tenure much of Baalbek was fortified—have recently been removed from the monumental stairs. During the festivals, the temple, best preserved of all the relics at Baalbek, is used for classical concerts.

The outer world lies somewhere beyond the round, elegant structure that was the Temple of Venus. One can look over it to the reality of today—Papa George's Oriental Store, kids riding a mule, laundry hanging from the rooftops. In the distance one can hear the snorting of the tourist camel.

Finding one's car in the mélange of tour buses at the entrance, one must run the gamut, again, of hawkers who sell fold-out postcards, guidebooks, and maps. Westerners walk about in newly purchased Arab headdress, eating ice cream bought from a vendor who arrives by motorcycle.

The day I was there we had a drink with M. Moussa Alouf, owner of the Hotel Palmyra, whose father was curator of the ruins and bought the hotel as a legacy for his children. Then we drove down to Chtaura, the halfway stop on the road from Beirut to Damascus. The Sunday afternoon buffet was in full sway at L'Auberge, and we dined on boiled marrow, on spicy fish, on mashed lamb mixed with bulgur and onion and formed into a flat pie. The afternoon was on the wane, and the men and women lingered at table smoking water pipes; the young boys who are the pipe attendants came by now and then and with great attentiveness freshened the coals and the tobacco. In the modern Park Hotel, next door to L'Auberge, that special Sunday air that is so international and so unmistakable had settled deep into the day. The crowd in the lobby was transfixed by the singsong call of an auctioneer. One might as well have been on the boardwalk at Atlantic City. If some supersonic fighter belonging to the air force of some sovereign neighborhood nation were to break the sound barrier now and then, the plane was out of sight, and for all those on the ground in the Sunday sunshine, out of mind. □

(This is the second of two pieces on Lebanon. The first appeared in the July 27 issue of SR/World.)

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Who Speaks for Education?

Education has many voices: the large and increasingly aggressive National Education Association, the militant American Federation of Teachers, the several associations of school administrators, the National Association of Independent Schools, the National Catholic Education Association, the U.S. Office of Education, the education committees of Congress and the state legislatures, as well as other organizations and agencies with a stake in the field. Each has its own audience, interests, and influence, but no one of them can pretend to be *the* spokesman for education.

Shortly after World War II, James Bryant Conant suggested that the voice of concerned citizens should be heard more directly and more powerfully in the councils of education, and in 1949 the National Citizens Commission for the Public Schools was launched under the leadership of Roy E. Larsen, then president of Time, Inc. During the decade of the Fifties, the commission and its successor, the National Citizens Council for Better Schools, were notably successful in alerting the American public to the need for active support of their schools. Several thousand local and state citizens' committees were formed to study the problems of their schools and to take action in their behalf. By the end of the decade, however, it appeared that the immediate need for broad public awareness of the problems of the schools and a commitment to solve them had been achieved, and the council closed its doors.

But the education scene was changing rapidly, and a new kind of leadership was needed. Less than three years later, a new national citizens' organization, the National Committee for Support of the Public Schools, was established under the leadership of Agnes E. Meyer, the widely known journalist, lecturer, and friend of education. More willing than its predecessors to speak out on issues and make its positions known, the committee provided strong national leadership throughout the remainder of the decade in the effort to increase federal support of the schools, to improve and expand facilities, to raise teachers' salaries, and to stimulate citizen awareness of the crucial role the schools play in the welfare of the nation. But when Mrs. Meyer died suddenly, early in 1971, her dynamic leadership and generous financial support were sorely missed, and the NCSPS gradually waned.

Now, three years later, the education scene has again changed dramatically, presenting a quite different set of imperatives. In response to the changing situation, a successor to the NCSPS, the National Committee for Citizens in Education (Suite 410, Wilde Lake Village Green, Columbia, Md. 21044) has been established with initial funding from the Ford Foundation. Under the staff direction of Carl L. Marburger, former commissioner of education in New Jersey, J. William Rioux, former president of the Merrill Palmer Institute in Detroit, and Stanley Salett, former New Jersey assistant commissioner of education, the NCCE "seeks to represent the public interest as consumer advocate for education." In the few brief months of its existence, the committee has been notably active—and productive.

In an early action the committee became the first education-oriented organization to intervene in a suit originally filed by a Washington public-interest law firm to void the restrictions on lobbying activities imposed on tax-exempt charitable and educational groups—activities that are permitted to other tax-exempt groups, such as business and trade associations, chambers of commerce, veterans groups, fraternal societies, labor unions, and agricultural organizations. Marburger points out that a "group seeking to serve the public interest in the educational field is at a grave disadvantage if it is prevented from speaking out on legislative proposals . . . during the critical period when legislation in the education field is being formulated."

The rights of privacy of children and their parents in relation to school records is a second issue that the NCCE has pursued. There is no question that schools should keep records of their students, and it is reasonable that thoughtful comments on students by perceptive teachers can add to the school's understanding of a child, his interests, talents, and aspirations. The issues are just what these records should contain, how they should be handled, and who should have access to them. Concern has been growing in many quarters about the impressionistic, anecdotal, unevaluated, and often negative information about children—and their families—which becomes a permanent part of the child's record and, with the passage of time, takes on the character of fact even though the situation may have changed dramatically. In addition, the parent and child are usually denied access to these records while, typically, they are freely available to social, health, and police agencies.

To stimulate interest in the problem and greater understanding of it, the NCCE has prepared a highly informative handbook for citizens, *Children, Parents and School Records.* The volume spells out the specific points of concern, gives information on laws and regulations—or lack of them—each state has laid down, provides broad background on the issue and on parental rights and responsibilities, and offers a specific plan of action for concerned citizens. *Children, Parents and School Records* is an indispensable resource for anyone concerned with children's rights to privacy.

The NCCE has also been active in the field of school governance and in exploring the adequacy of instructional materials. A Commission on Educational Governance has been holding hearings in major cities around the nation to explore what the respective roles of parents, students, concerned citizens, and educators should be in the management of the schools. And in cooperation with The Educational Products Informational Exchange, the committee has prepared an initial study called *Fits and Misfits: What You Should Know About Your Child's Learning Materials.*

Clearly, national citizens organizations have made notable contributions to the welfare of the schools for more than two decades. Although all have sought the same broad goals, each has addressed itself to specific objectives that reflect the urgent concerns of its time. Now a new voice has been raised on the education scene. The NCCE seeks to become a broadly based membership organization that will probe many areas of education in its role as consumer advocate. But, to paraphrase John Gardner, it seeks to function as a loving critic. And on the basis of its performance to date, its voice deserves to be heard—and to be broadly supported.

JAMES CASS
Education Editor

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Whatever Became of Sin?

by Fred M. Hechinger

It may be the ultimate irony that Spiro Agnew was right when he lectured Americans about the decline of moral values. The problem was not in his sermon, but rather that he failed to listen to himself. Few of his fellow Americans listened—just as they had not listened when similar messages had come from more creditable sources; for example, John F. Kennedy's statement, "Ask not what your country can do for you. . . ."

And so—Agnew resigned in disgrace. There was no great tragedy in the political amorality of the middle-aged scoundrels—the Mitchells, the Stanses, and the Colsons—who played a hardly novel role of crooked individualism. The tragedy was in the parade of clean-cut young men who, though ultimately sorry about what they had done, seemed puzzled about the reasons why they had done it. They were churchgoing products of upper-middle-class respectability, educated in the best colleges and law schools.

"It's a question of slippage," said Jeb Stuart Magruder. "I sort of slipped into it."

The National Academy of Public Administration, a non-governmental study group, wrote in a report commissioned by the Senate Watergate committee: "Very few of the [committee's] top witnesses indicated any sense of understanding or appreciation of democratic ideals or principles. Almost none mentioned any special considerations of public service for the public interest apart from the President's interest. *They had not learned in secondary school or in college or in law school that there is something special and different about public office and public responsibility.*" (Italics mine.)

Harsh words about the effectiveness of the world's most extensive educational system. How will the academic world—students as well as institutions—respond? How is the pedagogical leadership addressing itself to the fact that children across the country heard former White House aide Gordon Strachan say that he would advise young people to "stay away" from Washington and politics?

It is too early to tell how lasting some of the educational changes will be; but it is evident that, for the moment at least, there appear to be signs of changes in mood and some prospects for change in curriculum. Some of these changes may turn out to be as ill considered as the hard-nosed pragmatism they replace. The current popularity of the so-called Jesus freaks of hysterical religiosity on some college campuses and even in high schools may well be of a piece with the new pietism of politicians who, having only recently boasted of their readiness to walk over their grandmothers, now claim to have found God, compassion, and rectitude. (I would place such phenomena alongside the recent report in *The New York Times* that "every other Tuesday at 6:30 A.M., before concentrating on matters of war and peace, a dozen admirals and generals assemble in the Secretary of the Army's private dining room at the Pentagon for coffee, doughnuts, and ninety minutes of Bible study.")

A better hint of a desire for a change in basic attitudes is contained in the question posed by the title of psychiatrist Karl Menninger's latest book, *Whatever Became of Sin?*

Since the turn of the century, Menninger writes, a new code of morality and social philosophy has slowly eroded punitive attitudes toward wrongdoing. Words like *bad, wicked,* and *immoral* began to sound old-fashioned. Yet, Menninger insists, "there *is* immorality; there *is* unethical behavior; there *is* wrongdoing." And, he continues, "I hope to show that there is usefulness in retaining the concept and indeed the word *sin,* which now shows signs of returning to public acceptance."

Menninger makes it plain that he has not joined the "simplistic hardcore supermoralism" of the fanatics, political rightists, and bigots. He merely asks for a return to a concept of responsibility that includes the recognition of right and wrong. (Senator Talmadge: "Now, if the President could authorize a covert break-in . . . , you do not think it could include murder or other crimes beyond covert break-ins, do you?" John Ehrlichman: "I do not know where the line is, Senator.")

"If a dozen people are in a lifeboat," Menninger explains, "and one of them discovers a leak near where he is sitting, is there any doubt as to his responsibility? Not for having made the hole, or for finding it, but for attempting to repair it. To ignore it or to keep silent about it is almost equivalent to having made it."

What Menninger opposes is a drift toward a no-fault theology, equivalent to no-fault casualty insurance. "No one to blame?" he asks. "Things just happen, alas? The assumption that there is sin in [wrongdoing] somewhere implies both a possibility and an obligation for intervention. . . . As it is, vague, amorphous evil appears all about us, and when this or that awful thing is happening and this terrible thing goes on and that wretched circumstance has developed, and yet, withal, then no one is responsible, no one is guilty, no moral questions are asked, when there is, in short, just nothing to do, we sink to despairing helplessness."

So ends a psychologist's description of the "everybody has been doing it" theory of dirty tricks and corrupt politics.

Signs show that educators, too, are having second thoughts about "sin"—the issues of right and wrong. For example, last October, after a national teachers' conference on the lessons of Watergate had convened in Scarborough, Me., Dr. John Marvin, executive secretary of the Maine Teachers Association, said of the Watergate investigations: "We are witnessing one of the best classroom lessons we ever had. Yet, . . . a lot of teachers will still teach Chapter 8"—the business-as-usual textbook lesson, without value judgments or critical analysis.

Fortunately, indications are that here and there the routine is giving way. A few examples may illustrate what could be the beginning of a trend:

• A program researched and tested by Sidney Simon, a professor at the University of Massachusetts, is designed to stimulate pupils at an early age to grapple with human and political values. In a series of simulation games, the children are asked to place themselves in the shoes of actors in real-life historical crises: "You're a decision-maker in Korea or an observer in Vietnam or the landlord in a ghetto—what would you do?" Or, "You are a participant in the Constitutional Convention—as a southern plantation owner or a northern trader—and you must consider the issue of slavery."

• Some textbooks, recently published

Fred M. Hechinger, former education editor and current member of the editorial board of The New York Times, *is writing a book about the history of American education to be published by McGraw-Hill.*

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or in preparation, probe the values behind historic facts and raise questions of judgment, as when an imaginary editorial writer for a newspaper of that day tries to determine what position to take on the Spanish-American War. In another example, two speeches on the American involvement in Indochina—one by Sen. William Fulbright and the other by former Secretary of State Dean Rusk—are offered for comparison and analysis.

• Matthew Lipman, a reform-minded professor of philosophy at Montclair State College, has created and classroom-tested a course in philosophy for children, beginning in fifth grade. "No one," he said, "ever seems to bother to instruct the child in the hygiene of thinking." Children, Professor Lipman adds, "mumble through 'with liberty and justice for all,' 'let freedom ring,' and even insist on 'one nation indivisible,' but the words are so much mumbo jumbo to them."

Yet, Professor Lipman points out, if children themselves are unfairly treated, they are fierce in their resentment—a perfect clue that they can be taught logically and philosophically about the real meaning of justice and injustice, just as they can be taught about the logic of words, ideas, values.

"It is useless for us to complain that ours is a nation of sheep as long as we do not develop the capacity of independent judgment in children," Lipman warns. Independent judgment is a far cry from second-guessing to please the teacher or, later, the boss or perhaps the President.

• The College Entrance Examination Board has evolved a detailed program, called "Deciding," intended to teach youngsters how to make decisions based on the formation of value judgments as well as on a consideration of successful strategies. "The most important step in learning decision-making skills," the workbook advises, "is to understand and clarify your values. Once you have identified your values, you can set goals and objectives and make the decisions that are most satisfying to you." (I am not completely comfortable with standardization of decision-making, but at least this program asks children to come to grips with the importance of values—a vital step, provided that those values are real and firm in Dr. Menninger's sense, rather than adjustable and flexible like Silly Putty.)

All this suggests at least a glimmer of recognition among educators that the value-free view of human behavior that had mistakenly been considered the sign of liberal sophistication is being seriously questioned. The corrective process has not yet taken sufficient shape to allow firm prediction.

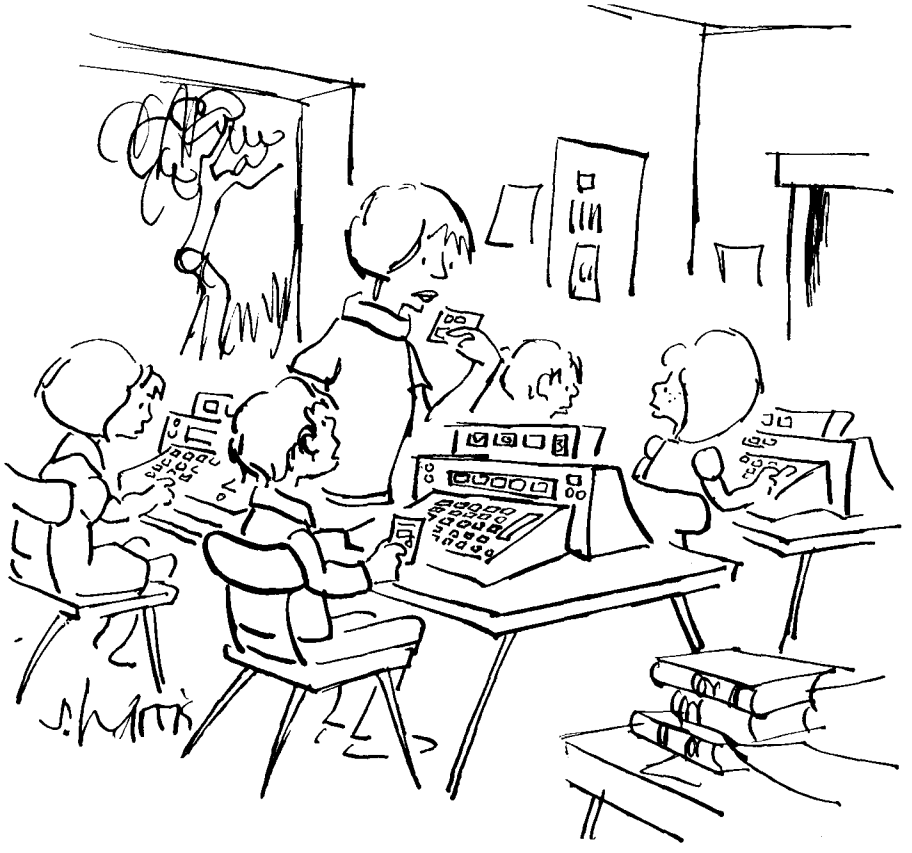
There is cause for cheer in the present retreat from the corrosive doctrine that because values are a personal matter, one person's values are as good as the next fellow's. But the danger remains that the pendulum may swing back to the old rigidity of values certified and recited on demand, but neither examined nor understood—the pedagogical equivalent of the American flag worn defensively on the lapel, the Agnewesque sermons to the masses while the preacher-leaders continue on their own arrogant course.

The search for values, or the rediscovery of sin as a factor in modern education as in modern life, is by no means new—nor, one must hope, need it be a retreat to the Puritans' misanthropic doctrine of original sin and naturally corrupt children whose spirits must first be broken as a matter of pedagogical routine.

My own pre-adolescent children and their friends show not a trace of infant depravity. Their consciences are remarkably firm, and their sense of probity is quite unbending. But as their minds are pounded with evidence of adult corruption, these children will move toward amoral cynicism unless school *and* society show them the way back to Menninger's concept of sin.

The post-adolescent group—tomorrow's John Deans and Jeb Magruders—remains worrisome. Earlier this year Alan Otten, a *Wall Street Journal* columnist, reported on a series of student sessions on ethics and deceit in government, conducted by two professors—Lance Liebman and Graham Allison—at the Harvard Law School. The unhappy conclusion was that these students, products of the best schools and colleges, still—after Watergate—looked at the world "essentially in cost-benefit terms." Is it good policy? What are the chances of getting caught? Prudence, rather than ethics, remains their guide.

Can nothing be done about it? In the late Forties the faculty at Amherst College devised a "new" curriculum that was deeply concerned with Problems of American Democracy. When asked to define the new educational goal, the spokesman for the plan replied: "To teach students to consider the consequences of their actions." It is an idea that, had its time come back a little sooner, might have prevented considerable grief and quite a few indictments. □



"You mene I've bin spending this whol term with a defektiv reeding machin?"

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The Educator's Bookshelf

Your Child's Intellect: A Guide to Home-Based Preschool Education by T. H. Bell with practical applications by Arden R. Thorum (Olympus Publishing, 191 pp., $7.95) serves parents who believe they may increase their child's intelligence through enjoyable concept-learning. It is a most useful book and may help parents adopt a youngster's point of view, while illustrating dozens of ways in which preschool years at home can aid an infant in making sense of his growing world. To be sure, the mother seems to play the major part in the enterprise; older folks are rarely part of the scene, and the casual but often dramatic education born of complex associations with brothers and sisters appears peripheral to the main theme. The photographs and drawings, however—mostly of child-mother, less frequently of child-father, and occasionally of child-parent transactions—are reminders that on the domestic front it is not the duration so much as the quality and ingenuity of family relationships that best prepare little children for school. *Your Child's Intellect* makes this point in a fresh, clear, direct way that should inspire young couples and grandparents alike.

The Twelve-Year Sentence edited by William F. Rickenbacker (Open Court, 236 pp., $6.95) was prepared as a result of a 1972 symposium on compulsory schooling sponsored jointly by The Center for Independent Education and The Institute for Humane Studies. It poses the educational problem of "coercive intrusion of the collective into the life and mind of the individual," providing stimulating papers by way of response. Following Murray N. Rothbard's "Historical Origins," a variety of essays probe the psychological, jurisdictional, sociological, political, and economic aspects of mandatory public education and stress the dilemma faced by dissenting parents afoul of truancy laws. Unlikely to please patriots in the realm of state-sponsored learning, chapters by Robert P. Baker, H. George Resch, Joel H. Spring, E. H. West, and Gerrit H. Wormhoudt offer sobering thoughts on educational inflexibility.

The Micro-Society School: A Real World in Miniature by George Richmond (Harper & Row, 285 pp., $8.95) relates in the tradition of *Up the Down Staircase* and *To Sir With Love* the tribulations and successes of a determined, creative teacher. Books like this are a challenge to write well since they depend for their effect upon appropriate stylistic handling of a certain autobiographical immodesty. Unabashed, Richmond matches infectious enthusiasm with spirited dialogue to overcome this difficulty. First he explains how he devised the micro-society game with redeemable currency to catch and hold the attention of his unruly, ethnically mixed class. Then he shows how subsequent commercial enterprises taught his Brooklyn charges a lot about the three Rs and even more about themselves. Finally, he tells how, encouraged by the results, he tried the scheme elsewhere, evolving at the same time a theoretical teaching model, for which he is much indebted to John Dewey. Overall, this is a lively book well worth pursuing as an informal study in educational originality.

Quality Education for All Americans by William F. Brazziel (Howard University Press, 264 pp., $8.95) assesses to date black America's educational gains. Blunt rather than virulent, it charges some city areas with supporting "a cadre of contemptuous teachers—chained to black students because they can find no other slots. . . ." Yet here is no pessimistic work. Granted, its introductory passages demand the sort of demythologizing about public education recently presented by Colin Greer in *The Great School Legend*. Conversely, Brazziel notes that certain quality schools, metropolitan colleges, and continuing-education programs offer tangible hope for more general improvements in black education. Stemming from careful research and resting on a solid data base, his agenda for business, government, educators, and the black community, with its appeal for black administrators and its search for the roots of white racism, commands serious attention. *Quality Education* makes quality reading.

American Education and Vocationalism: A Documentary History 1870–1970 edited by Marvin Lazerson and W. Norton Grubb (Teachers College Press, 176 pp., $5.95) and *Sir James Kay-Shuttleworth on Popular Education* edited by Trygve R. Tholfsen (Teachers College Press, 181 pp., $5.95) take their places with distinction as recent items in the prolific Classics in Education series. Lazerson and Grubb examine the school as a "primary selecting agency for the occupational structure," concluding that educational relevancy has at times meant preparing students to serve industry, and exemplifying their contention with excerpts from the writings of John D. Runkle, Calvin M. Woodward, Booker T. Washington, John Dewey, and others. Tholfsen combines biography with an examination of nineteenth-century British class structure to render an arresting account of a reformer determined to educate the poor without altering their social standing. His analysis draws on Sir James's comments concerning the working classes of Manchester, the promotion of education in England, the Battersea Training School, and other matters. Common to both these books are the incisive introductory essays, the heuristic bibliographies, and the generous selections of documents that have consistently marked over four dozen volumes introduced under the discriminating general editorship of Lawrence A. Cremin.

Half the House by Herbert Kohl (E. P. Dutton, 268 pp., $7.95) recounts the intimate story of a teacher's struggle to reconcile personal intuition with institutional imperatives. Part 1 reveals the writer's unpreparedness for conflict in his search for painless educational change. Part 2 presents a notion of "center," or wholeness, that keeps in balance one's social, historical, and psychological selves, providing the spiritual strength to turn stress to good use. Part 3 looks at the problem of group centering arising out of corporate instability in the face of personal crisis. Before such backdrops as Teachers College, Columbia, Harlem parents, Benjamin Franklin High School, the U. S. Office of Education, and Berkeley's Other Ways open school, an uninhibited Kohl acts out dreams, disappointments, analyses, self-deceptions, rituals, and the manifold vignettes of a teaching life. Deriving its title from C. P. Cavafy's injunction that in matters of spiritual growth "one half the house must be pulled down" first, this intensely introspective, meandering, disturbing book yearns for a sane world. JOHN CALAM

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Law Schools: The Big Woman Boom

by Roger M. Williams

Although law remains the most male-dominated of the professions, the bastion walls are shaking. Women are entering—and emerging from—American law schools at a rate that is accelerating even faster than the hourly pay of a senior partner. Last academic year, 16 percent of the accredited law-school enrollment was female. That is several percentage points higher than the previous year; it is also twice the percentage for 1970 and four times the percentage for 1967. At the entering level, the figures are striking: in 1973–74, one out of five first-year law students were women, and in a half-dozen schools the proportion was one out of three (at Northeastern, which leads the list, it was one out of two). Observers of the phenomenon believe, and they are doubtless correct, that no other system of professional education in the United States has ever experienced such a rapid change.

The magnitude of the change cannot be measured in total-enrollment figures alone. Among the 124 institutions accredited by the American Association of Law Schools, none remains all male. The last of that breed was Virginia's Washington and Lee, which admitted its first women students two years ago. Prestigious Harvard, which accepted no women until after World War II and very few until the late 1960s, has an enrollment 22 percent female for the academic year now beginning. Roughly half of the law schools are now recruiting female applicants, and few among the other half are doing anything to discourage them. (Rumors of quotas on women persist, but in the present atmosphere quotas seem as improbable as they are impossible to verify.) Although the change in law-school faculties is not nearly so dramatic, there, too, women are a constantly increasing presence.

How are the women students doing? Very well. On the standard Law School Admission Test, female candidates have consistently outscored male for the past several years; the gap now is narrowing, as a broader intellectual cross-section of women seek admission. In grade averages, the women in student bodies are frequently surpassing the men. Last year at Columbia University, the top three students in the graduating class were women; at the University of Texas, where about 14 percent of the enrollment is female, women held the top two places and three of the first five. By and large, the men students have taken this development with the aplomb of James St. Clair, but occasionally a bit of sheer resentment surfaces. At the University of Alabama last year, one high-scoring woman student was the object of a graffiti attack conducted on a law-school wall.

SEVERAL FACTORS underlie the women's rush to law school. At least one of them is common to men as well: a growing belief that a legal career offers security and opportunity; total law-school applications tripled between 1959 and 1972, while the number of female applicants increased fourteen-fold. The rise of the women's liberation movement is most often cited as the number one factor propelling women to law school. "The movement" has worked in two ways. It has stimulated a newfound confidence and determination to enter traditional male preserves, creating what Berkeley law-school professor Herma Kay calls "a feeling among women that they really *can* carve out a serious career for themselves, and that they can make some money, do some good, and have some fun at the same time." Further, for the new breed of feminist, it has pinpointed the law as the most effective tool for furthering the female revolution. It is hardly a coincidence that the marked rise in women's law-school enrollment began in the late Sixties, when "the movement" was picking up its first real momentum.

"There are a hell of a lot of factors," says Edward Halbach, the dean at Berkeley, "including affluence, the pill, and other things that stimulate the women's movement in general." There are some non-feminist stimuli, too: a decline in the Ph.D. market that has prompted Ph.D.-minded women to look elsewhere for a career; the attractiveness of a professional preparation that is finite (three years and you're ready to work) and easily accessible to those who graduated from college several years ago. Indeed, a sizable proportion of the women entering law school today are in their mid-20s or older. Nancy Fenton, a third-year student at Berkeley, is typical of this group. She is married and, at 28, a year older than the female average in her class. "It's a wide assortment," she says of her women classmates. "A lot of them taught before coming to law school.

(Continued on next page.)

"Damn it, woman, slow down. You know I can't walk as fast as you."

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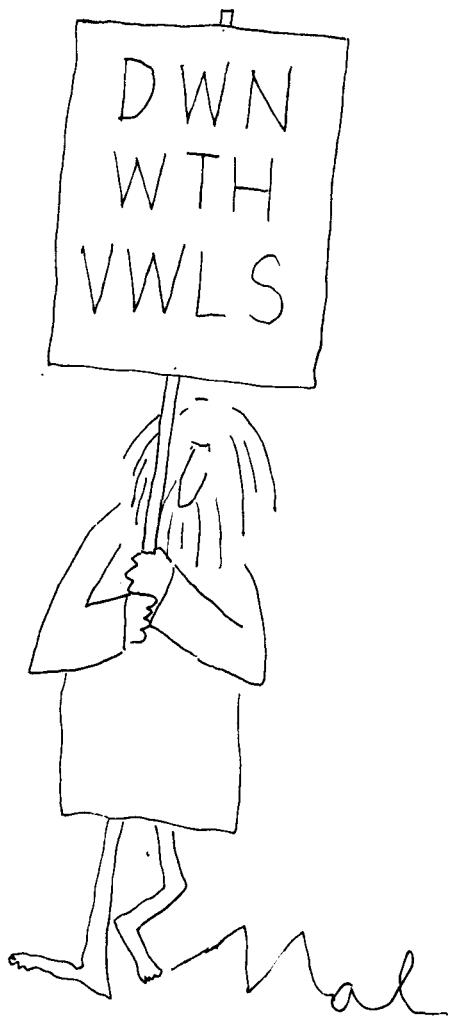
Some have business experience. I worked in political campaigns."

Yet the single most important attraction of law school to women undoubtedly is that it opens to them an array of challenging and gratifying job possibilities. Says Drusilla Ramey, a Yale graduate on the staff of the Mexican-American Legal Defense and Educational Fund: "Law is a passport to a virtually unlimited number of opportunities which otherwise are unavailable to women. With one stroke of an LL.D., the prejudice against women suddenly diminishes. Instead of being regarded as 'just another non-intellectual woman,' you're listened to." This is not an unmixed blessing: "The presumption shifts to the other side, and you're presumed to be a weirdly different kind of woman. You're also looked at as somehow representing all of womankind. I don't like that because it tends to isolate me from other women, and I'm a woman before I'm a lawyer."

Law-school feminists liken the progress of women to that of blacks. Although the blacks have had a far tougher time because they *are* black, there are numerous similarities: the tokenism and at times paternalism that have been accorded both groups; the zeal with which many law schools now try to recruit both; and the pressures that both have been exerting in their own behalf. Almost all of the large law schools, and many of the small ones as well, now have women's law-student associations comparable in purpose and activities to the black student groups that have been active over the past several years. The first of these women's associations were formed at Berkeley and New York University, the homes of what used to be regarded as the most militantly feminist law students.

Berkeley's Boalt Hall Women's Association has nagged the administration about raising the proportion of female students from the present one out of three to what the association calls "population parity . . . 50 to 51 percent." The association filed an elaborate supporting brief with the school's admissions committee, which quietly pigeonholed the idea. Stymied there, the women are pushing ahead along another route—recruitment. Their association gives the administration all the help the latter will accept in recruiting female applicants, and it also conducts a variety of efforts on its own. For example, it sends out a much-admired brochure telling women how to get into the Berkeley law school and how to cope when there. Association members have begun a series of personal appearances at high schools in the bay area; as much as recruiting future women law students, Nancy Fenton says, the high-school program is "aimed at showing young women, 'Look, it's possible for you to be a lawyer, and you don't have to be an oddball to do it.' "

So intense has the interest of women law students become that a student-based National Conference of Women in the Law has been growing in size and scope with each succeeding year. Last year, the fifth for the conference, about 750 women—attorneys, students, and legal secretaries—assembled in Austin, Tex., for "rap groups" and workshops. The trend at these conferences, says University of Texas law student Lucinda Pardo, who organized the last one, is "increasingly academic, with emphasis on such issues as rape and the law, sex discrimination cases, and what to do in court when the judge calls you a 'nice little girl' or comments on your mini-skirt."



The feminists' efforts have been aided by federal legislation. Title IX of the Higher Education Act prohibits discrimination against women applicants to professional schools. Title VII of the Equal Employment Opportunity Act has also proved useful, with "movement" lawyers arguing that employment opportunities can be equal only if training opportunities are equal, too.

Now that they are a substantial minority of the law-school student bodies, the feminists are pushing for special concessions—which they regard as only equitable, but which some of their male counterparts, *sotto voce,* regard as uncalled-for. Northwestern's law school pioneered a program, since adopted by Columbia as well, giving women with preschool children and other students with special family obligations the option of extending their study program beyond the normal three years. At N.Y.U., an enterprising woman law student succeeded in "desexifying" a lucrative scholarship that had been providing males only with an enriched study program as well as tuition aid. (Ironically, this little triumph may have aggravated, rather than redressed, an imbalance. According to a survey by University of Connecticut professor Shirley Raissi Bysiewicz, where sex is a qualification for a particular scholarship, women are more often preferred than men.)

As might be anticipated, courses and textbooks reflect the increased presence of women. A majority of law schools now offer courses on women in the law; Berkeley has added a course on discrimination in employment. Financed by a grant from the Carnegie Corporation of New York, Stanford is starting what it calls "a unique partnership" between a law school and a law firm. The Stanford course, under the direction of Associate Professor Barbara Babcock, will involve 12 to 15 students each semester in the ongoing casework of a feminist public-interest firm, San Francisco's Equal Rights Advocates, Inc. As for textbooks, two aimed at the women in the law market have been published in the past couple of years, and a third one, of which Professor Babcock is an author, will be out shortly.

Also available nowadays is a nicely desexified casebook that, notes Columbia law professor Ruth Ginsburg, "presents as many women in lead roles as men." The casebook is the work of two Harvard professors, a fact that is observed with high irony by feminists

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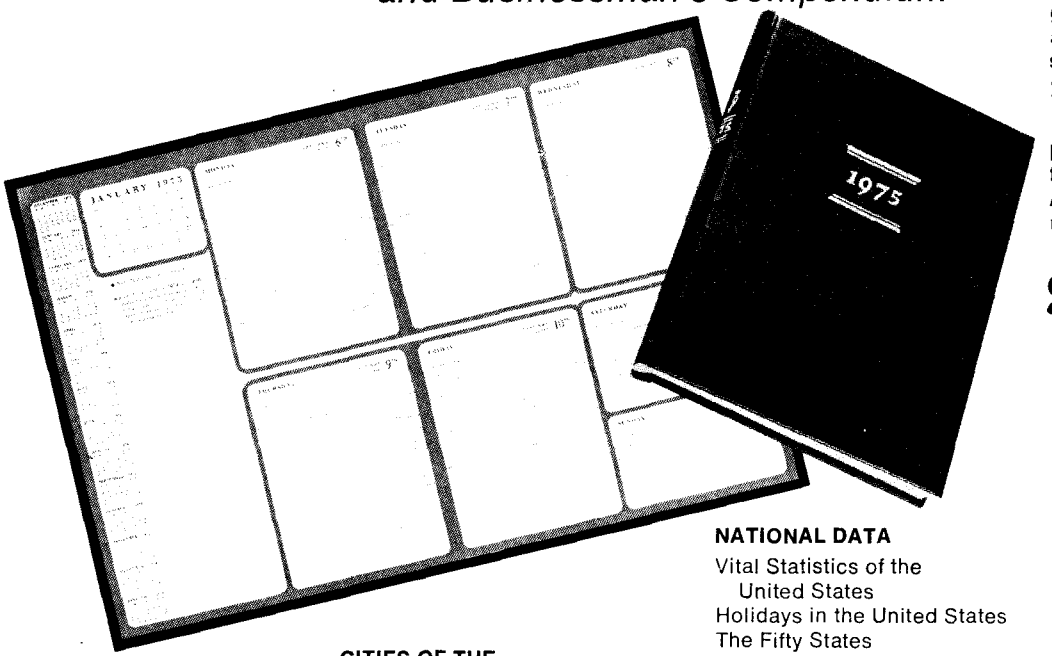

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"How are the women students doing? Very well. On the standard Law School Admission Test female candidates have outscored male for the past several years. . . ."

throughout the profession. Harvard law school has a long-standing reputation for having perpetuated, well beyond their time elsewhere, various forms of discrimination against women. That is perfectly consonant with the university's tradition of minority relations. Felt by some observers to have been anti-Semitic, Harvard certainly was anti-black; although it graduated a legion of black scholars, the university did not deign to hire them for the faculty until the 1950s, a decade after that barrier had been broken at other top schools. A San Francisco attorney recalls meeting Harvard's then-president James Conant during World War II and asking him how enrollment was holding up at the law school. "Not as badly as we expected," Conant replied. "We have about 75 students, and we haven't had to admit any women."

Professor Ginsburg, a Harvard law graduate in 1958, recalls examples of how "inhospitable" the school was even then: "There were nine females in my entering class, and Dean Griswold gave a party for us in his house. After dinner he gathered us in the living room and said, 'Now I want to ask each of you what you're doing here taking a place that could be held by a man.' Women couldn't live in the law-school dorms. They couldn't use the gym on the law-school campus, nor at least one of the research rooms at the law-school library. Then there was 'Ladies' Day,' when certain professors would call on the women students and try to make fools of them."

All that is gone now at Harvard. Dean Albert Sacks talks eagerly of how the women's enrollment has mounted (it is two and one-half times as high as four years ago); how, after hiring its first full-time female faculty member just last year, the school will have three full-time females this year; and how the pool of "teaching fellows" is approximately one-third female. Critics of Harvard often observe that the law-review staff has included, over the years, only a handful of women; Dean Sacks acknowledges that the proportion of women on the review may have been "a bit less" but says the selection has been "objective."

As far as male oppression is concerned, there is little at today's law schools to compare with the past. At Alabama, scene of the male-chauvinist graffiti, a soft-spoken young lady named Judy Whelan ran for student-bar-association president against four men. The roughest campaign tactic she faced was an oblique charge that, as she phrases it, "the traditional concept of the law school would be somewhat harmed" if a woman was elected. Somewhat harmed or not, Miss Whelan won.

At Texas, Lucinda Pardo has encountered vestiges of undisguised male bitterness, with men students dropping such remarks as, "You might be taking my place in law school—and I got a wife and kids to support" and "Women in law school are dogs who couldn't get married." That sort of open hostility is hard to find these days. Even at Berkeley, where the women are aggressive in the pursuit of their "rights," Nancy Fenton finds "no open antagonism" on the part of men students. "That's socially unacceptable now. About all I'm aware of is low muttering." The muttering became audible last year when the Boalt Hall Women's Association held a series of "breakfast programs" for law-firm interviewers—and invited only women students.

At every law school a few male professors continue to ruffle the feathers of sensitive feminists. The most common complaints involve the continued references to a class as "you men" and to women as case subjects only when they are victims of rape or loss of consortium. All but the most militant women students acknowledge that these lapses are more often the result of habit than malice. Ruth Ginsburg recalls with a chuckle how a new professor at Columbia innocently but disastrously announced, after Billie Jean King trounced Bobby Riggs, that the class would observe "Ladies' Day."

To the feminists, sexist remarks are less a reason for increasing the number of women law professors than is the need to have more "role models." Says Marjorie Fine Knowles, who is entering her third year on the faculty at Alabama: "It's important for these women to see others who've actually made a career in this field. They ask me lots of questions: 'What's it like being assistant district attorney?' [which she was before going south]; 'What's it like being a woman lawyer in a courtroom?' As a matter of fact, it's good for my male colleagues to see a woman in this position, too." Like black academics several years ago, the top female law professors are being passionately recruited. Barbara Babcock entertained several dozen offers before she accepted Stanford's; Ruth Ginsberg was equally sought after.

The faculty problem, Babcock says, is twofold: getting women hired by the "elite" schools and getting them—at any school—up to the rank of full professor or dean. "The schools are telling us to be patient, but I have my doubts about the sincerity of their search and also about their standards. In finding faculty, law schools typically have taken a man who's graduated in the first five at an elite school, clerked on the Supreme Court or with a prestigious lower-court judge, and practiced for a while but not long enough to ruin his mind. That won't work with women. Until a year or two ago, they were heavily discriminated against as clerks. There are plenty of judges who simply won't take women. Anyway, the law schools need a variety of people on their faculties; for instance, women who haven't been at the head of their class, or who have had extensive experience as practicing attorneys."

Aside from prospects with feminist law firms, of which there are a half-dozen scattered across the country, there is little optimism among law-school women about the opportunities awaiting them in commercial practice. The general feeling seems to be that only large or notably liberal firms are making jobs available to women graduates and that progression up the ladder will prove difficult, if not impossible. Further, there is a conviction that only the top students—or the best-looking ones—are wanted and that many of their sisters will not get a foothold in the field. Berkeley's Herma Kay sees a brighter future. "Obviously if a large percentage of the graduating classes are women, the law firms sooner or later are going to have to hire them. I think that's happening already. One of our deans, in researching a doctoral dissertation, came upon a really large number of women trial lawyers in the bay area."

Trial law has been considered a last preserve of male exclusivity. If women have broken through there, can senior partnerships, prestige, influence, and money be far behind? □

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(**Outlook:** *continued from page 12.*)
everybody saw and thought only about their local townsfolk or farm neighbors. The world was local. The stars shone only locally over Xtown. Local people were normal; foreigners were freaks. The fastest that a human or his letter could go from Boston to Buenos Aires was two months, from Boston to Bombay three months, and from Boston to Borneo six months. The poet Rudyard Kipling expressed all the world's firmly convinced pre–World War I viewpoint when he said, "East is East and West is West and *never* the twain shall meet."

Those working people of my youth had very limited vocabularies. Not many had finished elementary school, let alone high school. A fantastically small fraction of 1 percent of all humanity went on through college. The general speech pattern of society was low grade. World-around literacy was less than 10 percent. The people I worked with were technically brilliant but had vocabularies of only about 100 words, many of which were blasphemous or obscene. During my lifetime, however, the public speech capability and the amount of information it has acquired and talks about has multiplied at a rate that could only be represented by the rate at which an atomic explosion's cloud expands as it mushrooms omni-directionally outward into the sky. The historic information-education explosion and its spontaneous edifying of humans in general was not accomplished through the formal, officially designated, and financially supported educational system. It brought educational change in a completely unexpected manner unforetold by any. Humanity's real education process was changed by an utterly surprising evolutionary o'erwhelmment of humanity's life-style by a new and spontaneously adopted everyday way of life. The evolutionary change was as abrupt, unexpected, and as unpremeditated on the part of all humanity as it is to the chicken embryo in the newly laid egg as it goes through its swift sequence of organic formulation inside the egg evolutionarily supported by the chemical nutrients predeposited in the egg. Utterly unaware of the world outside the egg, the fully organized chick, chromosomically programmed to peck for more nourishment within its environmental scope, inadvertently breaks open the egg. Now properly equipped to cope with an entirely new world around it, the chick steps forth timidly peeping but soon starts clucking

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"The severed metabilical cord of traditional ways of solving problems by political leadership and by . . . physical wealth is entirely obsolete and will fade."

or crowing about how smart it was to have acquired all its fine feathers and asserting that it had all along known how to walk and was just waiting for a logical moment to demonstrate its knowledge of how to break out of an eggshell but only held back sagaciously until it had taken full advantage of all the free lunch inside the egg.

Utterly unexpected by human society, Marconi invented the wireless the year I was born, and electrons were discovered when I was three years of age, and that first midocean S.O.S. radio saved the ship's passengers when I was 12 years of age.

Then in 1919, when I was 24, radio telephony was so perfected by the Bell Laboratory scientists, under U.S. Navy auspices, that on the occasion of President Woodrow Wilson's first post-war peace-treaty trip to Europe in the U.S. Navy transport *George Washington*, a war-converted pre-1914 German luxury liner, ship's radio telephony was transformed from a five-mile-range "spark set" to a long-range "arc set" operation, and in 1919 the first transatlantic radio conversation by human voice and hearing was transmitted, accomplished between Brest Harbor, France, and Arlington, Va., U.S.A. In 1920, when I was 25, the first federally licensed human-voice broadcasting stations began to operate.

Seven years later, in May 1927, a lot of daddies came home one night, and their kids shouted, "Daddy, a man has just flown across the Atlantic." The daddies said, "*What*?!!" And the kids said "Come listen" as that incredible news about Lindbergh kept *"coming in"* on the radios to thrill the whole world.

THE PEOPLE who got their jobs on the radio did so by virtue of the clarity of their diction, their popular style of pronunciation, their excellent wealth of vocabulary, and their unfaltering facility in using that vocabulary. As a consequence, the kids found that Daddy and Mom were no longer the authority. The children found Daddy and Mom listening to the radio with them. The young realized that the majority of all information regarding life-styles and world news was coming into their lives via the radio. Obviously, the people who had the best information were those speaking over the radio. The world radio voice suddenly became the new authority. As a consequence the kids now emulated the vocabulary and the diction of the new authority. This utterly unexpected evolutionary event completely changed the speech pattern of world-around humanity from that of an illiterate ignoramus to that of a scholar.

Daddy didn't want the authority's speech to humiliate him before his own kids, so he, too, swiftly emulated the radio diction that his kids were assimilating; Mom, too, emulated the broadcasters' speech. The information significance of the World War I–born radio "voice" was vastly augmented by World War II's addition of *vision* to radio broadcasting. There swiftly ensued an utterly unexpected development of transistors, printed circuits, rocketry, radio relay satellites, and world-around broadcasting, sensor satellites sending instantly on request detailed pictures of any place on the earth's surface and whereabouts data on the location of all beef cattle on our planet.

Vision is an unlimited universal language; speech is local and limited. Though we have no sound name for an object, we can see and understand much of its behavioral pattern. To a person speaking only French, a horse race in Japan looks just like a horse race in France or in any other country. You don't need to know the language; the horses are numbered.

We can hear atomic explosions 100 miles away, but only where there is air to be wave-propagated. We can shout and be heard only a half-mile away. Sound travels at only 700 mph. We can see 70 sextrillion miles, seven followed by 22 zeros, in any direction in the universe, and do so at 700 million mph. We can hear only one chord at a time—it may take an hour to integrate the whole symphony. Looking at the sky, humans can see in a minute a symphony of a million million times more notes, the beginnings and endings of which are many millions of years apart. Because of the speed of light the duration of a minute-long viewable sky event covers millions of years. Because light moves only at 700 million miles an hour and because of the stars' great distances from earth, we see the moon by light bounced off of it, which left the sun eight minutes ago. The star in the top bend of the handle of the Big Dipper is a live show taking place 100 years ago. The next star inward on the Dipper's handle is a live show taking place 200 years ago. One of the bright stars in Orion's belt is a live show taking place 1,100 years ago, and the other bright star in that belt is a live show taking place 1,500 years ago. The tiny, twinkling cluster of lights of Andromeda is a live show taking place a million years ago. We can see billions times billions of non-simultaneous events at the same time. Television amplified humanity's information-acquiring and -correlating capability over a million-fold.

IN 1961 WE HAVE GAGARIN, the first human safely orbited in space and returned to earth. In 1966 we have the first successfully controlled soft landing on the moon photographically radio viewed on earth. When I was young, the most hopeless category of humans were the lunatics. People who had gone so far off their heads that they had "touched the moon" (*luna*-moon; *tic*-touch). In 1969 we have the first real lunatics, humans touching the moon. The meaning of the word, like all other opinions and beliefs, had become completely reversed.

In 1965 we have the first dissident students appearing at the University of California in Berkeley. Those first dissident students—and all the other university student contemporaries graduating in 1966—were born the year that television entered the American home. All children have spontaneous compassion for life, and the children from 1945 learned via the television that people all around the world were having trouble. So their compassions were no longer just for the local poor but for those trapped in poverty all around the world.

Though he was at the controls of an airplane and an engine built by others, Lindbergh's transoceanic flight was a supreme human feat of personal skill and courage, which like the touchdown-making football player transcends the team play behind it in the popular estimation. But humans rocket-ferried to the moon and back was so obviously the coordinated accomplishment of so many millions of humanity as well as of the integration of all the science and techno-

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logical gains of all humans throughout all history that, despite the millions-fold greater quantity of public broadcasting of the astronauts' names than that ever before accorded to any humans, the names and nationalities of those astronauts, unlike those of Columbus and Lindbergh, are fading swiftly into popular forgettability. Touching the moon was an all-peoples' accomplishment.

In total, everything that all people throughout all history had said would never occur was obviously occurring. Nine-tenths of all pre–World War I "incurable" diseases had become cured.

SUDDENLY, all unexpectedly, we have the young world growing up with interest only in the total world. The young world said to itself, "I know that Daddy and Mommy love me, and I know that I love them, but inasmuch as they are not the authority I am going to have to do my own thinking. Daddy and Mom naively leave it to the politicians to do something about the world's ills, and the politicians just get things worse. Mom and Dad don't have anything to do with going to the moon. Mom and Dad and all the other Moms and Dads are not the authority about anything. They are humans to love, and they're alive as we are and are experiencing what we are, but they are all tied up in misinformation and outmoded habits. The heroics of yesterday were great, but the problem-solving strategies of yesterday are obsolete. Obviously, humanity if properly cooperative and scientifically coordinated can do anything it needs to do. Our parents are preoccupied in shortsighted ways as humanity hurtles on blindly toward self-extinction." This altogether broke the spontaneous assumption on the part of the young world that the older world knew what it was doing. The young found the world to be in ever worse trouble. The young world began saying, 'We don't know much ourselves yet, but we'll have to find out. Quite clearly we're going to have to do our own thinking in order to take the world's initiative if humanity is not to perish on our planet."

Just as the human child within its mother's womb is sustained by the umbilical cord, which is severed only after the child is organically completed and delivered out of the womb, so, too, all humanity has passaged through millions of years from being born naked, helpless, and utterly ignorant, to find its way only by trial and error, nature having provided a vast amount of life support to squander while cut-and-try discovering its own mind and that mind's thinking ability in turn to discover abstract eternal principles governing the integrity of eternally regenerative universe; so, too, did humans evolve a metabilical cord (metaphysical and umbilical cord), which is the body of ever increasing experience-derived knowledge, and its vocabulary of 100,000 words with which to intercommunicate and diffuse the knowledge. All this vastly powerful *tradition* and *culture* integrated to form the metabilical cord, whose function was to guard the many generations' new life that had to occur until the inventory of metaphysical know-what and know-how resources of human life on our planet Earth had become adequate for metaphysical mind to take command over physical might and to do so irreversibly. As of 1974, however, physical might is as yet in supreme command of human affairs. The psychological and narcotic world-warring skirmishes of the world's super-power adversaries at first exploited and diverted youth's early initiatives. The integrity of the individual's thinking soon pulled youth out of that tailspin.

Evolution has apparently completed the primary inventory of information and scientific principle adequate to establish and sustain humanity's functioning in a successfully responsible manner in universe. Apparently humanity's function is that of a local-universe monitor to solve local-universe problems in support of the integrity of eternally regenerative universe.

The great intellectual integrity of universe has cut the metabilical cord of tradition and parental authority—putting youth on its own thinking responsibility. However, the child requires a number of years of care and support by grown-ups after cutting of the umbilical cord before it can develop its own independent life-sustaining capability; so, too, does 1974 youth, whose metabilical cord of tradition has been cut, now need a few years time to develop competence to take over the world affairs initiative, and that is exactly what universe is apparently about to do next. The severed metabilical cord of traditional ways of solving problems by political leadership and by exclusively physical wealth accounting, *et al.*, is entirely obsolete and will soon fade. Good-bye all special advantage—personal, corporate, national. It's to be unprecedented advantage for all or none. □

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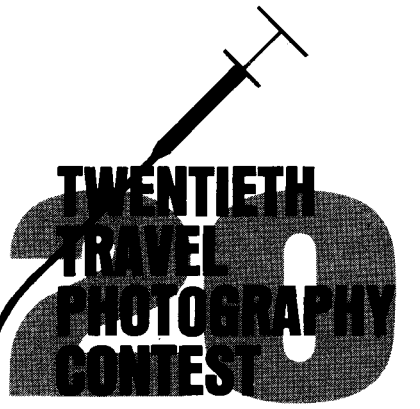

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Light Refractions

by Thomas H. Middleton

Son or Daughter of He or She

When it comes to English grammar, everybody has their own pet peeves.

There are two things "wrong" with that sentence. The most important wrong thing—the absolutely, provably wrong thing—is that it's not true. There are millions who don't give a tinker's damn about English grammar.

The second thing is not necessarily wrong. It's a matter of opinion. The traditional rule would have it "everybody has *his* own pet peeves" or the clumsy "everybody has *his or her* own pet peeves." A couple of months ago (*SR/W*, June 29), I mentioned that Amanda J. Smith had suggested this supposedly heretical use of "everybody . . . their" as a reasonable answer to the problem of the now somewhat disreputable use of the masculine pronoun to mean "person."

I think that anyone who is in tune with our times must acknowledge the fact that the *his, his-or-her, their* problem is more pressing than it used to be and that a great many more of us will now accept "everybody . . . their" than would have even 10 years ago.

The mail response to the earlier *Light Refractions* on this subject was interesting. There are those who think "everybody . . . their" is an abomination and are unwilling even to consider it, and there are some who not only accept it but also defend its use with historical arguments.

J. J. Lamberts, of the English department of Arizona State University, writes, "By all means congratulate Amanda J. Smith of Durham, N.C., for nominating *they, their,* and *them* as pronouns referring to collective and indefinite antecedents.

"But she is scarcely breaking new ground. You will find sporadic instances of this usage in Anglo-Saxon. *The Oxford Dictionary* quotes such worthies as Bishop John Fisher, Henry Fielding, Lord Chesterfield, William Whewell, Walter Bagehot and John Ruskin. . . .

"Actually this usage has always been part of the English language. The great pity is that useful expressions like this one have been schoolmarmed into limbo. It began a couple of hundred years ago when they started teaching attitudes about usage as though they were facts. I suppose no real harm has been done, except that countless people have guilt feelings about their language—which is a stupid state of affairs. And there has been a great increase in inhibited—and therefore bad—writing."

R. L. White, of Sausalito, Calif., tells us that "Jane Austen uses this, I believe regularly, though at the moment I can only turn up one example: 'Everybody has their taste in noises as well as in other matters' [*Persuasion*, 1818]."

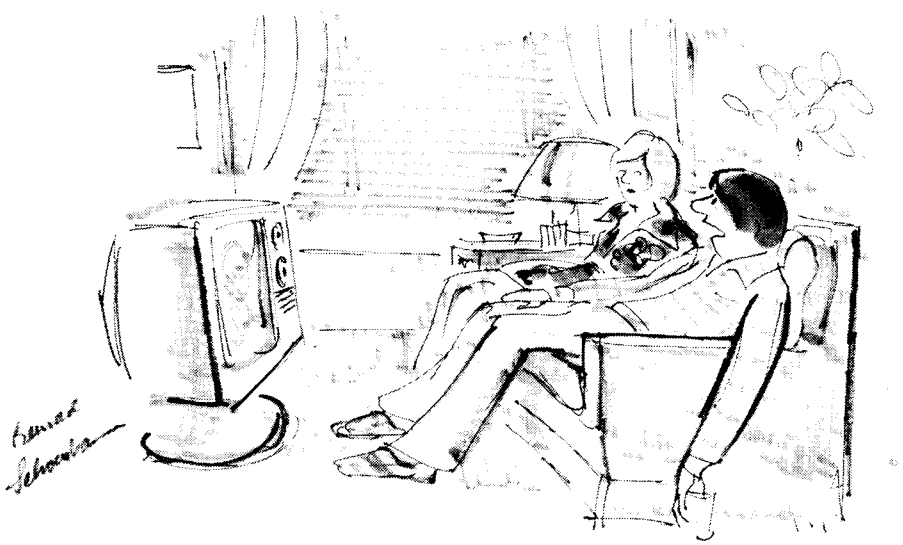
We can justify *their* as meaning "his or her," simply because as a matter of historical record, it has stood, in very respectable circumstances, for *his or her. The Oxford English Dictionary* says of *they*, "Often used in reference to a single noun made universal by *every, any, no,* etc., or applicable to one of either sex (= 'he or she')." That's followed by the instances cited by Mr. Lamberts.

ACCEPTING "everyone . . . they" seems to me a sensible cracking of an unnecessary dogma. I became firmly convinced of this a few weeks ago. A local NBC show called "Sunday" was being shot at a large and fairly boisterous outdoor gathering—an arts-and-crafts show, perhaps—and I heard approximately this conversation:

Paul: Where's Jerry?
Kelly: I don't know. I don't think *he* knows where he is.
Paul: I don't think *anybody* knows where they are.

Paul is Paul Moyers, a local NBC newsman who's very likable but who has only the vaguest notions of what is grammatical (he recently said, "It's been a difficult time for he and his family"); and Kelly is Kelly Lang, a young lady who appears to be very nearly perfect in every way.

The point is, though, that if Paul had, in this instance, been schoolmarm-grammatical, he'd have said either, "I don't think anybody knows where he is," which wouldn't have made his point, or "I don't think anybody knows where he or she is," which might have left Jerry's gender in doubt, or he'd have had to search for a totally different construction. My choice is to accept "I don't think anybody knows where they are" as perfectly all right. It seems to me that to do otherwise threatens to leave us tongue-tied. □



"It's finally happened—I'm unentertainable!"

Answer to *Literary Crypt* (see page 38): I would rather have men ask why I have no statue than why I have one. Cato

Answer to *Wit Twister* (see page 35): hustles, lushest, sleuths.

The missing eleventh variant in Wit Twister No. 27 (August 10 issue) is asper.

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Double-Crostic No. 57

by Thomas H. Middleton

1 M	2 H	3 D	4 U		5 K	6 G	7 Y		8 T	9 E	10 N	11 V	12 I		13 Y	14 M	15 L
	16 K	17 G	18 Y	19 O	20 P	21 C	22 N		23 Z	24 T	25 N	26 L	27 Q		28 C	29 S	
30 G	31 X	32 K		33 Q	34 O	35 P	36 E	37 V		38 T	39 J	40 F		41 A	42 Q	43 R	44 Y
	45 N	46 P	47 O	48 E	49 J	50 C	51 R	52 X	53 I		54 L	55 D	56 A	57 P	58 I	59 J	60 Q
61 X	62 C		63 G	64 U	65 E		66 T	67 I		68 U	69 H	70 M	71 A		72 Z		73 H
74 F	75 V	76 I		77 Q	78 C		79 Q	80 A	81 H	82 Y	83 D	84 L		85 M	86 I	87 F	88 G
89 Z		90 O	91 X	92 D		93 S	94 J	95 Y	96 T		97 P	98 A	99 I	100 K	101 C	102 N	103 E
104 Z		105 B	106 L	107 H	108 R		109 D	110 Y	111 P	112 Z		113 N	114 X	115 R		116 U	117 C
118 K		119 S	120 I	121 J		122 J	123 H	124 Y		125 D	126 U	127 Q	128 R		129 W		130 F
131 S	132 T	133 L	134 C		135 Y	136 J	137 A	138 M		139 O	140 Y	141 W	142 H	143 E	144 R	145 D	146 K
147 T		148 T	149 F		150 D	151 F	152 T		153 T	154 L	155 N	156 B	157 G		158 X	159 P	
160 W		161 T	162 X	163 D	164 N	165 B		166 N	167 W		168 P	169 O	170 Y	171 F	172 T	173 Z	
174 G	175 E	176 N		177 C	178 A	179 R	180 V	181 H	182 B		183 W	184 L	185 Q	186 D	187 I	188 T	189 P
	190 J	191 K	192 N	193 G	194 Z	195 D	196 B	197 H		198 E	199 W	200 B		201 Y	202 L	203 Q	204 H
205 D	206 C		207 T		208 E	209 Q	210 Z	211 G		212 X	213 B						

INSTRUCTIONS

If you've never solved one of these puzzles, it will probably look much more difficult than it actually is. If you can answer only a very few of the WORDS correctly, you're on your way to solving the puzzle.

Fill in the numbered blanks of all the WORDS you can guess, and write the letter of each numbered blank in its correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. The letters printed in the upper-right-hand corners of the squares indicate from what WORD a particular square's letter comes.

The diagram, when filled in, should read as a quotation from a published work. The dark squares are the spaces between words. If there is no dark square at the end of a line, a word may carry over to the line below.

The first letter of each WORD, reading down, will spell the name of the author and the title of the work from which the quotation is taken.

You should find yourself seeing words and phrases taking form in the diagram; so you can work back and forth, from WORDS to diagram and from diagram to WORDS, until the diagram is filled in.

CLUES	WORDS
. Former name of Djakarta	41 56 71 80 98 137 178
. Petition	182 196 105 156 165 200 213
. John Newton's collection to which Cowper contributed (2 wds.)	28 50 62 78 101 117 134 177 206 21
Cowardly (comp.)	109 125 145 150 163 186 205 195 3 55 83 92
. Extreme skeptics (Philos.)	103 143 175 198 208 9 36 48 65
. Ancient city S. of Smyrna, near the mouth of the Cayster	87 130 151 171 40 74 149
. "Every one that _____, come ye to the waters" (Isaiah, 55:1)	193 6 17 88 157 174 211 30 63
. Swindler, cheat	69 81 204 2 73 107 123 142 181 197
She won Oscars for *The Heiress, Samson and Delilah, A Place in the Sun*, etc. (full name)	12 53 58 67 76 86 99 120 187
Mrs. Shakespeare's maiden name	136 39 59 94 122 190 49 121
. Norse explorer, fl. 880	146 191 5 16 32 100 118
Having no formal learning or training	184 26 54 106 133 154 202 15 84
. Long and relatively narrow extent of anything	138 1 70 85 14

CLUES	WORDS
N. Uplift, enlightenment	176 10 25 113 166 155 192 22 45 102 164
O. Ludicrous descent from the exalted to the commonplace	169 90 139 19 34 47
P. Being severely criticized or attacked (2 wds.)	35 46 57 97 111 159 168 189 20
Q. Tending to restrain or check	60 79 33 185 77 203 27 209 127 42
R. Inscribes	51 128 144 108 43 115 179
S. Insane; foolish	119 131 29 93
T. Undertakings, projects (4 wds.)	148 8 24 147 161 207 172 96 38 188 153 66 132 152
U. Winner of a Nobel prize for chemistry, 1963	4 64 68 116 126
V. Deportment, conduct	11 37 75 180
W. Peninsula on W. Luzon	183 129 199 160 141 167
X. Anc. Gr. and Rom. wine pitcher with a curved handle from lip to shoulder	61 212 91 114 162 31 158 52
Y. Province of S.E. Sweden	201 170 13 7 140 18 110 135 82 95 44 124
Z. Remembrance	112 89 194 23 173 72 210 104

Answer to *Double-Crostic No. 56* appears on page 24.

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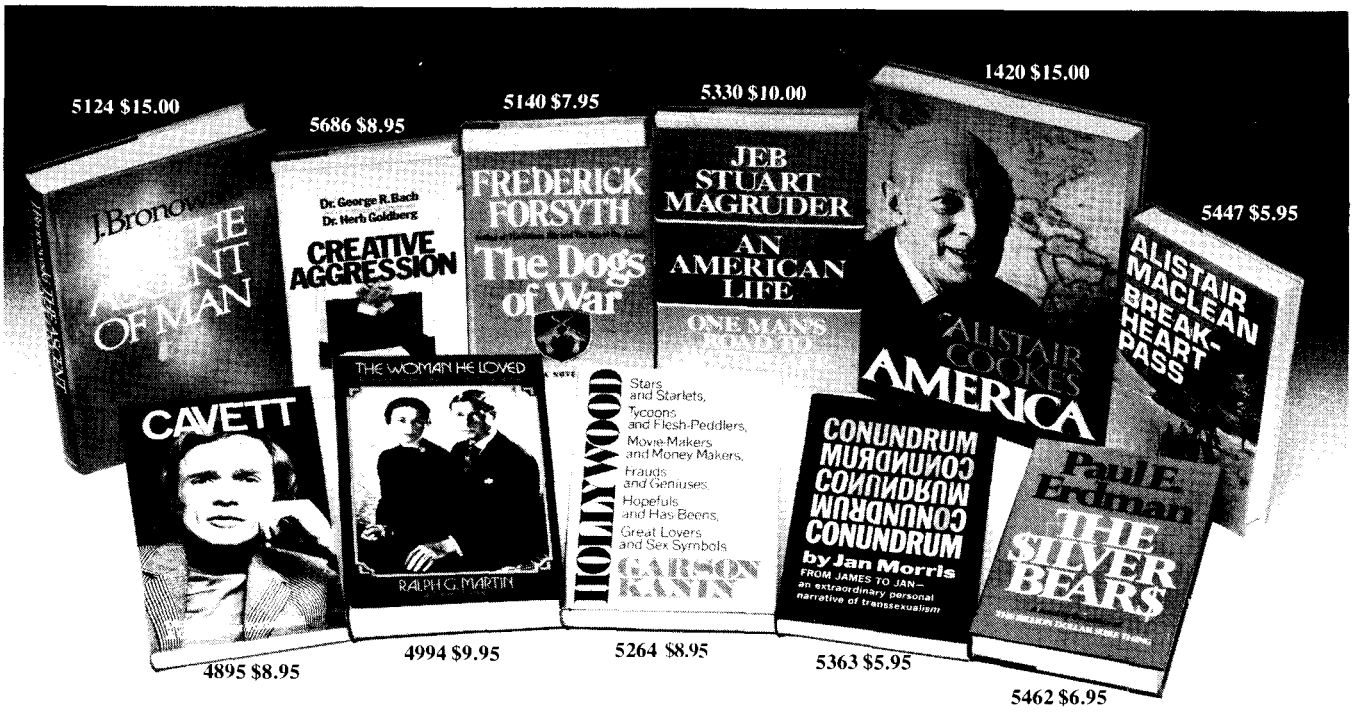

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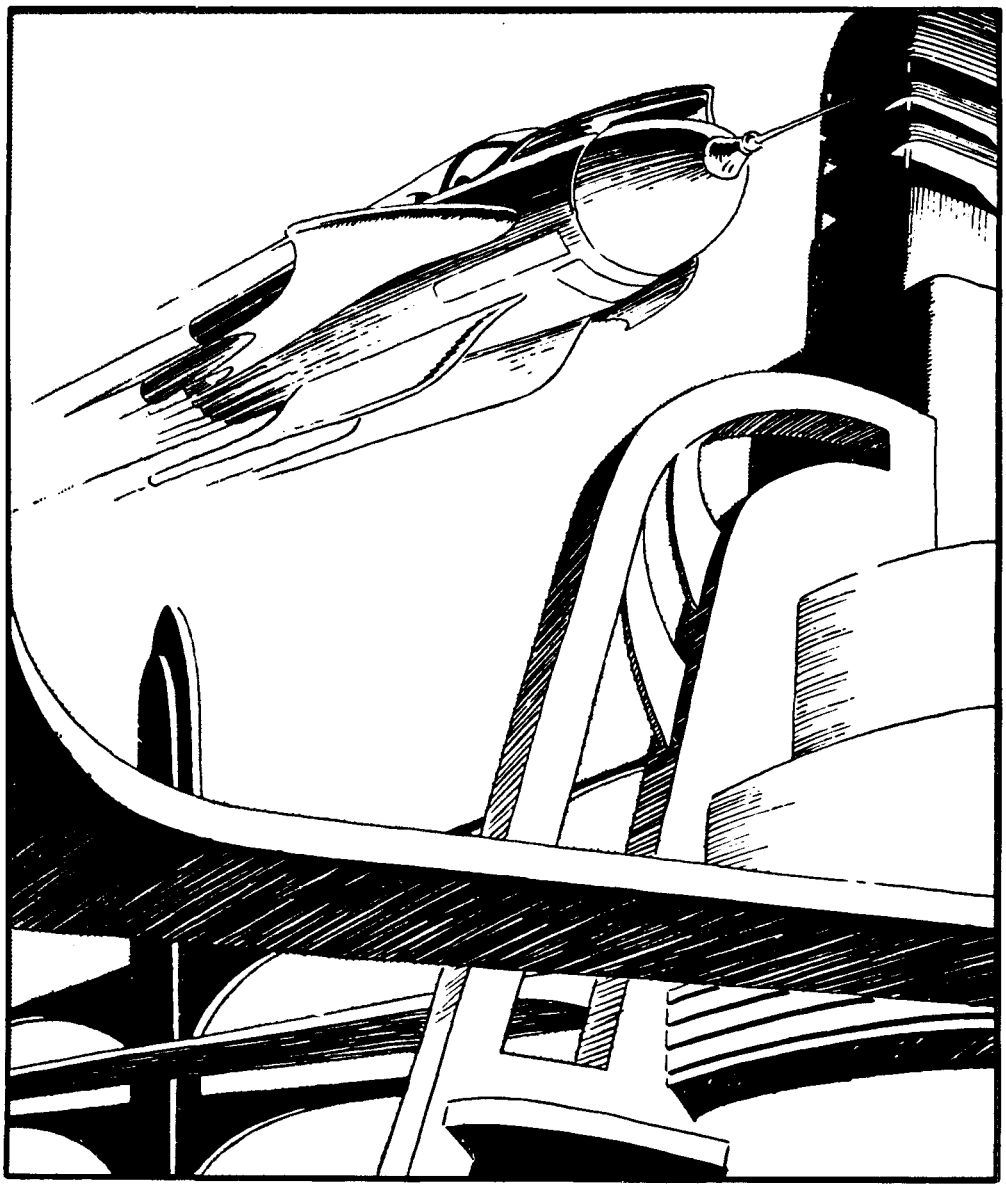
The real
No single item on our list of national priorities has received more lip service than public transportation.

We face an energy crisis. Our highways are jammed; some days they look more like parking lots than roads. Most cars have only one occupant. Downtown streets are clogged.

We must have improved buses, new underground railway systems, monorails.

The programs are costly, they take decades to plan and build. But we have reached a point where there is no alternative.
Let's get on with it.



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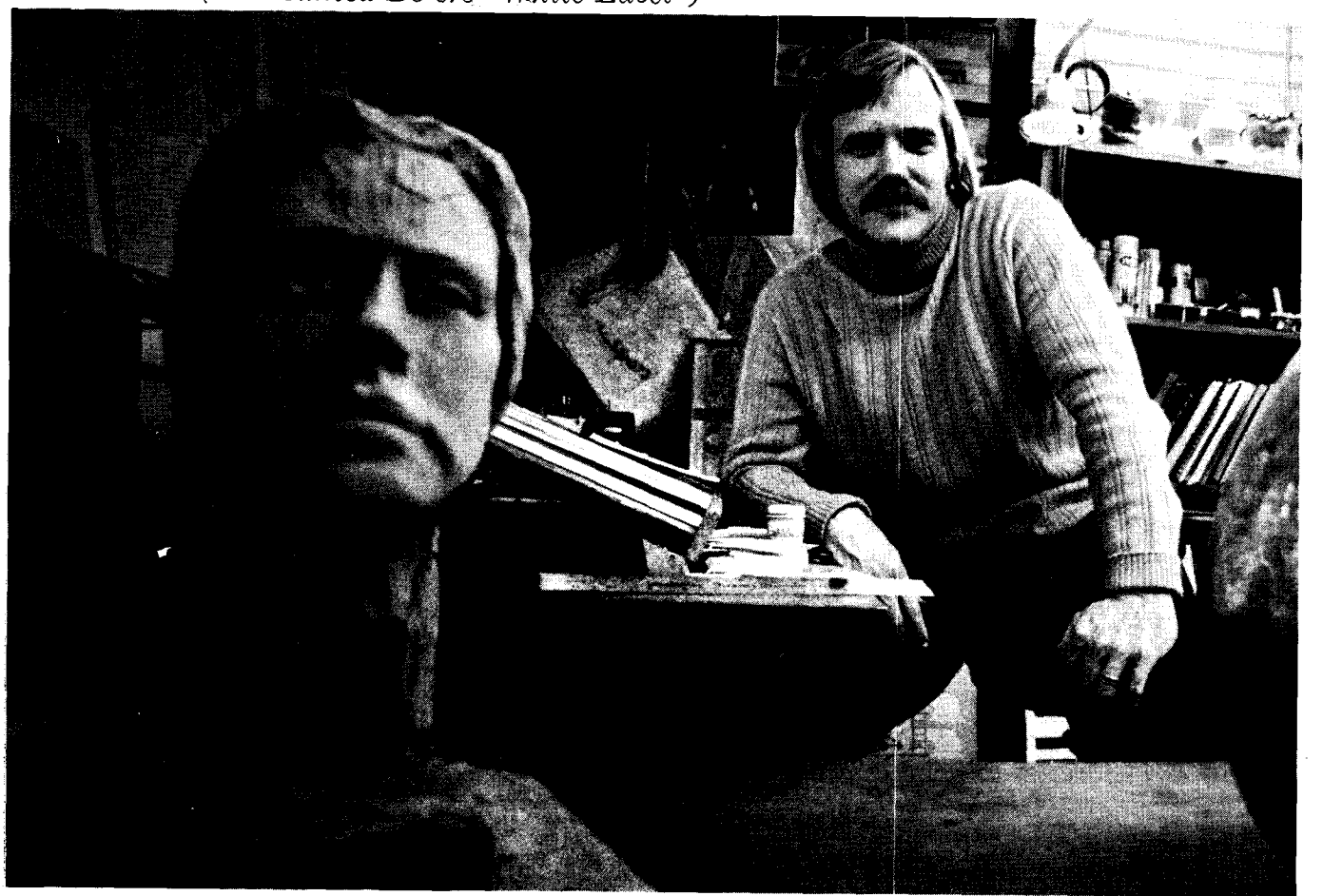

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DWIGHT RITTER

HOME: Scituate, Massachusetts

AGE: 32

PROFESSION: Director/Artist

HOBBIES: Film making, sculpturing, gardening, breeding Great Danes.

MOST MEMORABLE BOOK: "Crisis in the Classroom"

LAST ACCOMPLISHMENT: Co-designed a revolutionary method of teaching which utilizes music to provide a learning base for reading, writing, history and other subjects.

QUOTE: "Education in America is at a crucial point. The next two decades should utilize the development of substance in human beings. That can best be done through our educational system, which must change."

PROFILE: Exuberant. Outspoken. A dedicated believer in maintaining a close family life.

SCOTCH: Dewar's "White Label"®

Authentic. There are more than a thousand ways to blend whiskies in Scotland, but few are authentic enough for Dewar's "White Label." The quality standards we set down in 1846 have never varied. Into each drop go only the finest whiskies from the Highlands, the Lowlands, the Hebrides.

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